

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844

BY E. LITTELL

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CONTENTS

A Week of the World	531
The Millerand-Poincaré Duel — For a Latin-American League — Rykov — The Argentine Government and the Vatican — Paris Press-Scandal Gossip — A Plea for Bandits — Minor Notes	
Woodrow Wilson	MAXIMILIAN HARDEN 537
<i>A Pacifist-Satirist's 'In Memoriam'</i>	
As the Actors Leave the Stage	LOUIS ARAQUISTAIN 541
<i>A Meditation on Political Personalities</i>	
Thyssen on Reparations	FERNAND DE BRINON 543
<i>The Political Economics of a German Steel King</i>	
Soviet Diplomacy since the War	GEORGII CHICHERIN 548
Commissar of Foreign Affairs	
<i>Glimpses into the Background of Russian Recognition</i>	
Lamaism	A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT 552
<i>A Religion of Peripatetics and Meditation</i>	
Feminism in Japan	ALBERT MAYBON 555
The Egoists. A Story	A. N. M. 561
The Revolution in Contemporary Literature. I	L. LAVANCHY 564
<i>A Swiss Critique of French Writers</i>	
Shakespeare's Lost Characters	W. J. LAWRENCE 569
Literary Umbrellas	PENGUIN 572
A Page of Verse	574
Wisdom	
Life, Letters, and the Arts	575
German and Austrian Plays — Mr. Kipling Invents Street Names — Last Year's Science — Publishing Bolshevist Books — The Decay of English in England — Byron's 'Maid of Athens' — First Aid to the American Vocabulary	
Books Abroad	579
La politique de guerre de 1917: l'unité de commandement interallié — Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson — Brontë Moors and Villages — A Critical Examination of Psycho-Analysis — Psycho-Analysts Analysed	

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THIS WEEK

It is not surprising that we should have to go to Europe for an adequate character-sketch of Woodrow Wilson, whose obituaries in this country were either too perfunctory or slightly delirious. Maximilian Harden has a deep admiration for the character and idealism of our late ex-President, but he also takes his limitations into account. The article winds up with a splendid tribute with which even the most ardent Wilsonians should be satisfied.

★ ★ ★

Louis Araquistain undertakes a comparison that has occurred to many of us during the past weeks. The almost simultaneous deaths of Lenin and Wilson appeal strongly to romantically minded political writers who, as in the case of this Spaniard, beg us to allow our opinions to conform with what they believe will be the ultimate judgment of history.

★ ★ ★

Fritz Thyssen points out that the whole Reparations difficulty lies in the mass of contradictions pertaining to the subject. Either Germany must, he says, be allowed to recover or she cannot pay. Pointing jealously, as the custom is nowadays, to the United States, he endeavors to remind his French

interlocutor that you cannot have your cake and eat it too.

★ ★ ★

Chicherin's account of Soviet diplomacy since the war is straightforward and clear. The man is quite obviously neither a fool nor a fanatic and it is not unlikely that this country will have to reckon with him some day.

★ ★ ★

If any of our readers have nothing in particular to do for the next thirty or forty years we earnestly recommend the faith of the Lamas to their attention. These gentlemen do nothing but walk round and round or else sit in a lonely cave contemplating a statue of Buddha day in and day out. But we are afraid that they will not make many American converts.

★ ★ ★

Feminism has not yet touched many of the working women in Japan, who still cling to the silly customs of an outworn civilization that extends its privileges to men only. But thanks to the labors of a number of famous people, whose names, in accordance with best *Living Age* traditions, are not entirely familiar, the new day is dawning even in far-off Nippon.



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

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Robert Masson

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A Dream of Commercial Conquest

Lorenzo Ratto

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F. Götz

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THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 320—NUMBER 4159

MARCH 22, 1924

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE MILLERAND-POINCARÉ DUEL

NOT only personal differences but also a divergence of views as to the French Constitution separate the President of the Republic, Alexandre Millerand, and the President of the Cabinet, Raymond Poincaré. Whatever there may be of purely personal rivalry is of less importance than this difference of opinion as to what should be the constitutional rôle of the French chief magistrate.

M. Poincaré is first of all a lawyer, with a professional respect for the customs and traditions, as well as the laws, of his country. 'He now demands absolute observance of the Versailles Treaty, as in a court he would argue for the absolute observance of the terms of a business or a marriage contract,' wrote the anonymous author of *Ceux qui nous menent*, published in this country under the title, *As They Are*. While Poincaré was President of the Republic he accepted, outwardly at least, the customary rôle of the head of the State. What influence he had was exerted through personal and political prestige, rather than by formal authority. Just as the King of England only reigns without governing, so the

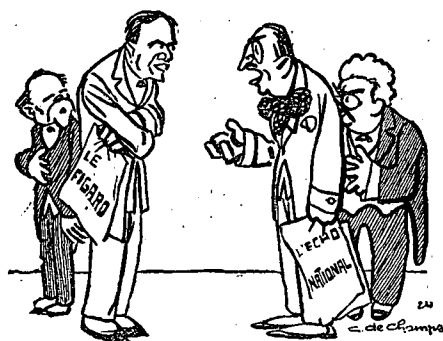
French President only presides and does not administer.

M. Millerand has other ideas. He thinks that the French President should be more like the American—that is, should have definite executive power. When accepting the election to the Élysée, in 1921, he said as much, and repeated his programme at Évreux only last fall. The character of his first Premier, Georges Leygues, whom he appointed to the post, permitted him to carry out these ideas. When Briand succeeded Leygues, it became a little more difficult, and it was President Millerand who recalled M. Briand from Cannes and who brought about his downfall. When the force of circumstances designated M. Poincaré as the next executive, the theory became wholly unworkable. M. Millerand has been in the same position in respect to M. Poincaré as Premier that M. Poincaré, as President of the Republic, was in during the last year of war and the peace negotiations in respect to M. Clémenceau. No interference with the government by the Élysée has been tolerated by either Premier.

This difference of opinion as to who should exercise the highest authority probably explains the news-

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paper battles between *Figaro*, which is supposed to take its inspiration from M. Poincaré, and has engaged him to be its political editor when he retires from office, and *Victoire*, whose editor, Gustave Hervé, relies on the Élysée Palace for his political ideas. While *Figaro*, over the name of its principal owner, Senator François Coty, of perfumery fame, vigorously assails President Millerand, and particularly his relations with the wealthy Greek munitions-maker, Sir Basil Zaharof, the editor of the *Victoire* is openly booming M. Millerand for a national dictator. But, if there are to be any dictators while M. Poincaré is in office, that gentleman intends to play that part himself.



Our political duel: The principals behind the seconds. — *L'Ère Nouvelle*

Since the fall of the franc the notion of a dictator has spread in France, as it previously had in Italy, Spain, and Germany. The financial crisis resembles in this respect the military crisis in 1917, and, just as President Poincaré then had to forgo his personal prejudices and nominate Senator Clemenceau for Premier, so the call for the 'Tiger' to restore the country's tottering confidence is heard anew. 'When everything else fails, send for Clemenceau,' was a formula that was salutary once. Why would it not be effective again?

But, though 'the Father of the Victory' is still hale and hearty, he is, after all, well over eighty years old. And restoring a country's sinking financial credit is a different task from bucking up its military morale. He still has faithful followers who helped to elect the present Chamber, — notably André Tardieu and Georges Mandel, — but whether they are equal to the task of governing the country, no one knows.



CLEMENCEAU. This blasted Versailles Treaty! I seem to have heard talk about it when I was young. — *L'Ère Nouvelle*

For a while M. Tardieu undoubtedly regarded himself as an eventual successor of M. Poincaré, but in a recent speech he denounced the National Bloc majority for consenting to a gradual diminution of the country's rights, adding that he was addressing the country over its head. Such defiance is not easily forgotten. Unless a National Assembly, which is in reality a Constitutional Convention consisting of the two houses in joint session, is called at Versailles, it is more likely that M. Poincaré will hold office until after the spring elections. M. Millerand, whose past political evolutions have been more startling than those of M. Poincaré, is clearly holding himself in reserve for emergencies.

The constitutional reform that M.

Millerand announced when he entered upon his presidential duties has remained in a state of suspended animation. Has he given it up? That would hardly be in keeping with the obstinacy of his character. 'So, while M. Poincaré has taken charge of the country, M. Millerand, we may suppose, is tugging fretfully at his mooring. But, as is his habit, he has only furled his sails.'

L'Opinion asks: 'Are we headed for a dictatorship?' — *Allons-nous vers une dictature?* — and tells us: —

The question is on all lips. Only a few members of Parliament, committeemen, and candidates don't dare to put it openly. We hear it asked everywhere. It is not a conspiracy nor the result of propaganda. . . . Everyone knows from his school history that no system of government has been able to survive financial demoralization. The Revolution started from Calonne, and Bonaparte was the product of the assignats. The day when the fall of the lira endangered Italy's last pennies, Mussolini crossed the Rubicon. It was the decline of the peseta that called forth the pronunciamiento of Primo de Rivera. The debacle of the mark put Germany in the hands of General von Seeckt. The Moscow dictatorship is based on the ruin of the ruble. Austria has not been able to heal the ravages of her monetary debauch except by establishing a respectable dictatorship under a Dutch official.



POINCARÉ to Interviewer. No! Not dictator! Decree! — *L'Humanité*

FOR A LATIN-AMERICAN LEAGUE

DR. CARLOS URIBE ECHEVERRI, the Minister of Colombia at Montevideo, who was one of his country's delegates at the Pan-American Congress in Santiago last year, has just published a book describing the proceedings of that body and advocating the following measures: reorganization of the Pan-American Union, free navigation of rivers flowing through two or more republics, common diplomatic action to defend the interests of the — Latin-American — countries, and an American League. The book, which is reviewed at length in *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, is evidently a product of the present campaign to curtail the influence of the United States in Pan-American affairs, and to give the Latin-American nations a larger voice than at present in the political direction of the Western Hemisphere.

The author points out that the Spanish-speaking republics of the Caribbean Basin, and the ABC Powers and their neighbors in the southern half of the continent, represented distinct — though not necessarily discordant — tendencies at the Congress. The former were mainly concerned with the southward expansion of the United States, the latter with their own territorial and military rivalries.

Nuestra America, a leading Buenos Aires monthly, devoted no small part of its September-October issue of last year to voicing this prevailing discontent with Anglo-Saxon hegemony. Its principal political article is a Spanish version of the address that the late Dr. Zeballos delivered at Williams-town last summer, and its editorial department is largely occupied with Buenos Aires press comment hostile to our alleged usurpation of sovereignty south of our political boundaries. An article in *La Epoca* of Buenos

Aires is typical of the argument here advanced: —

The Yankee's immense power of absorption, the exaggerated wealth and prosperity of his land of iron, make his country a colossus irresistibly impelled to economic, industrial, and ethnical conquest. We see again the same spectacle that has been witnessed throughout the centuries, of a nation waxing strong, expanding beyond its frontiers, spreading over the world, subduing smaller and weaker states. The North American Republic is a model of democracy at home, but its gigantic appetite exceeds the resources of its own dominions. . . . We have nothing to oppose to its all-absorbing progress. Our territories are fair and fruitful, and abound in wealth; we inherit the fiery temper of our Iberian ancestors; but our people are disorganized, our valleys, mountains, and plains are sparsely settled. We lack vital force. What barrier, then, can we erect against this proud and powerful people, who number more than a hundred millions, who persistently misunderstand us, who regard us with the patronizing superiority that the strong always show the weak? In my mind, there is no remedy except collective, unanimous, continuous resistance against this slow advance southward, which is already creeping over the Caribbean and entering Colombia. . . . We must reject Pan-Americanism, which is but a hollow mockery for us South Americans, in favor of a continental alliance for the purpose of maintaining the liberty and integrity of the territories we have received from Spain.

✱

RYKOV

LENIN's successor as President of the Council of People's Commissioners, though not as well known as several of his colleagues, has been associated with the Bolshevik movement from the beginning. He is a genuine Russian and hails from the government of Saratov, where his father was a merchant of peasant descent. Rykov became a revolutionist during his university course and is said to have been closely asso-

ciated with Lenin from the beginning of his career in the Party. He is forty-three years old and is rated an orthodox Communist, who is ready, however, to make the opportunist concessions to economic necessity advocated by his former leader.

At one time, during the Bolshevik Congress in London in 1905, he led the opposition to Lenin, whom he considered too theoretical. However, the party differences between the two men did not develop into personal hostility, and Lenin was so impressed with the ability of his antagonist that he himself took the initiative in securing his election to the Executive Committee of the Party. Rykov also opposed Lenin at the time the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was adopted. Moreover he argued, both in his speeches and in print, against the general nationalization of property undertaken by the Bolsheviks when they seized power. He was the author of a remarkably outspoken report that appeared in 1920, which virtually predicted the economic ruin of Russia if his party persisted in its policy of 'socializing in a vacuum.'

Rykov is neither an eloquent speaker nor a voluminous writer — two facts which probably help to explain his comparative obscurity in Bolshevik councils. A review of his life in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the journal that has always shown marked antagonism to the present Russian régime, concludes as follows: 'Rykov stands for the creation of conditions favorable for a recovery of Russia's material prosperity. But to accomplish this he must pursue a sagacious policy which, in view of the present passionate controversies in his party and his own frail health, it will be by no means easy to carry out.'

With respect to Rykov *The Nation* and *the Athenæum* says: —

He has the reputation of being a moderate man, and the appointment is to some extent

of the nature of a compromise. But it would be a mistake to think that his accession to power means a relaxation of the present economic system. In the recent acrimonious disputes at the Party Conference he has been a stiff defender of the policy of the Party against Trotskii, Pyatakof, and other would-be innovators. If he had not been a strong defender of orthodoxy he would hardly have been appointed to succeed Lenin, since the defeat of Trotskii was a victory for the orthodox; but perhaps the responsibility which he has now shouldered will change his attitude toward some of the questions involved.

In an official interview sent out by Rosta, the Soviet press agency, Rykov stated that his chief aim was to continue Lenin's policies. In respect to foreign affairs 'our objectives are to promote peace and to strengthen the international position of the Union of Soviet Republics. That Union has never cherished designs on foreign territories. It does not wish to rule other people. But the disquieting situation in Europe, the faultiness of the Versailles Treaty, compel us to maintain an efficient Red Army, though on a reduced scale.'

He considered the recognition of the Soviet Government by England encouraging, chiefly as an expression of the good-will of the British working classes. Russia would continue her former policy of assisting disinterestedly the different nationalities of Asia to emancipate themselves from Western rule or aggression. This would determine Russia's relations with Turkey, China, Persia, Afghanistan, and the entire Orient. While welcoming recognition by other governments, Russia for the time being 'is obliged to confine her intimate business relations with countries where her interests are sufficiently guaranteed.'

Russia's most important domestic task, in Rykov's opinion, is to revive trade between the city and the country.

In order to accomplish this, grain exports must be encouraged and credits provided for the peasant that will enable him to purchase immediately the things he needs.

✱

THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT AND THE VATICAN

A COURTEOUSLY conducted but grave conflict has occurred between the Argentine Government and the Vatican, which helps to explain, perhaps, the irritation voiced by the press of Buenos Aires when the Spanish sovereign, during his visit to Rome, assumed to speak for the Spanish-speaking Church in the Western Hemisphere. President Alvear, acting under the provisions of the Argentine Constitution, nominated a candidate for the vacant Archbishopric of Buenos Aires. This candidate subsequently withdrew his name, it is supposed at the suggestion of the Papal nuncio in that city. The President refused to accept the withdrawal. The Holy See does not recognize the authority of the Argentine Constitution as binding upon itself, and regards the Presidential nomination as merely advisory. It is not expected that the Vatican will recede from this position, while on the other hand the Argentine Government, which makes regular appropriations for the support of the Church, may consider that its dignity requires a recognition of its wishes in this instance.

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PARIS PRESS-SCANDAL GOSSIP

The Nation and the Athenæum devotes an article to the subsidies paid to the Paris press by the Russian Government, concerning which certain alleged revelations were printed in the *Living Age* of January 26. As only a fraction of the material made public appeared in our own columns, we quote the follow-

ing paragraphs from the columns of our London contemporary:—

On June 4, 1914, M. Kokovtzev, instructed by Raffalovich, wrote to M. Sazonov the following lines, which indicate the attitude of the Government of the Republic:—

‘M. Klotz (he was then Minister for the Interior) insists upon the necessity now of disbursing large amounts to the press because of the possibility of a campaign against the new military law, and also because of the general embarrassment of the French Government.’

One hesitates to speak of the action of a Minister who relies on the funds of a foreign Government to ‘influence’ the press of his own country in favor of the Government to which he himself belongs. Neither M. Poincaré nor M. Klotz has given an explanation in Parliament of the value, authenticity, and bearing of these documents.

Thus, with the consent and support of the French Government, a foreign Power was able by the vilest methods to suborn the greater part of the Paris press. The enslaved papers — assuming the correctness of the revelations in *L’Humanité* — encouraged the French public to subscribe to Russian loans which were often described as *formidable escroquerie*. They hid from France the advancing decay of the Empire to which she had bound her fate. They defended, for purely selfish interests, a policy which, by its ambitious designs, often inspired solely by dynastic sentiment, helped to create the atmosphere of trouble and ill-will which rendered the conflagration of 1914 inevitable.

Le Matin is reported to have accepted the challenge of *L’Humanité*, and to have brought suit against the latter paper for libel. An interesting trial is likely to result, which will probably furnish fuel for a few Communist bonfires, whatever the decision of the court.

A PLEA FOR BANDITS

KU HUNG MING’s dictum that the Government of China is a ‘despotism

tempered by banditry’ receives some substantiation from George E. Sokolsky, the penman-errand of the *North China Herald*. After a tour of the Honan hills, where some of the most enterprising of these gentry forgather, he describes their apologists as arguing:—

The country is in a worse plight than it has ever been before; the officials and military ravage the countryside until farmers cannot reap what they sow, until maidens are unsafe and eldest sons are without prospects of success in life. The Government in Peking does nothing to protect the people. The provincial officials enrich themselves at the expense of the people. The military live off the fat of the land — and almost always are they strangers in the place. The whole country lives to support two provinces, Chihli and Shantung, whose surplus population is scattered everywhere from Kuantung northward into the new territories on the borders of Siberia. And all provinces are growing poor, feeding the sons of these two provinces.

Therefore the people must rise up. But the people have no arms and no funds and are untrained and without leadership. Consequently they take to the hills and to the forests, there to carry on guerrilla warfare against all officials.



MINOR NOTES

IN spite of the setback of the war, Italy is making rapid progress as an industrial nation, if the consumption of power is an accurate index of this growth. According to figures published in *Corriere della Sera*, the amount of electricity used in Italy has more than doubled during the past ten years, rising from 1,961,000 kilowatt hours to 4,281,000 kilowatt hours. Simultaneously the net importation of coal has increased — after making allowance for abnormal imports during the war — and the consumption of domestic fuel is larger than ever before. Most of the electricity used in Italy is produced by water power.

WOODROW WILSON

BY MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

[We publish the following article upon Woodrow Wilson by a brilliant German pacifist and critic of things as they are, because it is characteristic, even in the pale medium of a translation, of a writer widely known in America, and of an influential, if not numerous, school of European publicists. Certain inaccuracies as to fact that do not detract materially from the general interest of the article will be obvious to most of our readers.]

From *Neue Freie Presse*, February 7
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

'The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!'

WILSON might well have repeated the lament of Hamlet. Like Shakespeare's student-prince, the professor-President had ample reason to resent the fate that chose him to set right a time so sadly out of joint. But no such protest came from Wilson's lips. He believed himself a man called to be a savior, even to be the savior of his age. He believed in himself. That deepened the tragedy of his fate. A noble soul heard the call to a high and arduous emprise, but its consciousness and conscience were those of a cultivated and sensitive man, too refined by training to use the sharp strategy and bold brutality needed for the task before him. The effort snapped the high-strung fibres of his spirit, and its clay tabernacle was shattered by the shock.

Woodrow Wilson was born in the State of Virginia, of Irish ancestry on his maternal and Scotch ancestry on his paternal side. While a student at Princeton University he wrote against the cabinet system in Washington, courageously attacking the secrecy and shirking of responsibility that characterize the administration there and deaden popular interest in public affairs. A work upon Congressional Government brought him a call to the staff of a

women's college. He wrote a Life of George Washington, a *History of the American People*, a work upon politics, entitled *The State*, and *The New Freedom*, besides a collection of essays to which he gave the title *Mere Literature*, where he discussed public men, poets, and authors with a shrewdness and wisdom not surpassed for many years in either hemisphere. He voluntarily resigned the Presidency of Princeton University, the favorite school of aristocratic young Americans, after eight years' successful service, because a vast endowment left by a wealthy benefactor was made subject to conditions that he believed would seriously harm the institution by deepening the gulf between the social classes. He gave up his post that he might preserve untarnished an ideal.

Later he was elected Governor of New Jersey on the strength of his reputation as a vigilant and courageous fighter against machine politics and underground corruption. He emancipated his State from the yoke the trusts had imposed upon it. From that day leaders of high finance mistrusted him, and tried to discredit him as an unworldly theorist. But the common people flocked to the support of their courageous champion, who stood unshaken on the rock of his conviction

and was true to his dictum that it is better to fall for a cause that is sure to revive and conquer than to win with a cause that is sure to be condemned and defeated in the end.

Eventually he led the Democratic Party to a national victory. In the White House he made many mistakes, especially in relation to Mexico, but at the same time he recommended and put through Congress much wholesome legislation. We have no way to measure what he might have accomplished for his country in a peaceful era. He watched with a shudder the rising flames of war. He prayed that America might be spared its horrors. He was reëlected on a platform that promised peace, progress, and prosperity. From the Atlantic to the Pacific swept the cry, 'Wilson has kept us out of war.' He defeated his Republican opponent. For a second time the confidence of his people raised to the highest office in the state a man who owed this elevation to his pure love of truth, and not to the favor and intrigue of class and capital. The blunders of the Imperial Government at Berlin that made it impossible for him to avoid war as he wished, and to become the impartial arbiter of the conflict, are a painful subject that we need not revive here.

Nations must judge the men whom they entrust with power by the blessings the holders of this power confer upon them. It is a citizen's duty to ask whether those whom he invests with authority have accomplished all possible under the conditions that surrounded them, and to judge them by the degree to which their achievements and intentions meet this standard. It is certain that Wilson did not accomplish as much ideally for his country, which sought no material advantage from the war, as was expected of the man who commanded a vast and splendidly equipped army, with inexhaustible

resources, and ruled a country that was the provider and creditor of all Europe. It is equally certain, however, that the United States, which the Old World had hitherto criticized with envy and scorn as a land of unscrupulous dollar-hunters, won under his leadership a moral prestige and a rank among the great peoples of history worthy of the ideals that George Washington had proclaimed and practised. Since Wilson's health failed him and he lost popular favor, it is not possible to say with certainty whether he might have succeeded, under more favorable conditions, in purifying the world of its poisonous vapors under the benignant star of a League of Nations — an institution he considered far more important than all peace treaties. But only those blinded by hate can longer doubt the nobility and purity of his aims.

Like the sweet murmuring of Easter brooks after the hard frosts of winter was the greeting that welcomed the George Washington when the growling of the cannon on the battle front at length was silent, and President Wilson set foot on European soil. A holy aura seemed to surround the man in black professorial garb, which exalted him high above the crowned and bejeweled rulers of our continent. To find a parallel for that nimbus we must go back to the thirteenth century. The seventh German Kaiser, Henry the Luxemburger, after his march over Mont Cenis, was welcomed in every highway and byway of Italy as a savior, whose advent would heal the wounds of a tortured world and bring the blessings of justice to every mortal. Dante hailed him as an angel of the Master, as a world redeemer, calling to his people: 'Rejoice, ye oppressed, a good shepherd sent by Heaven will lead you safely to the fold!' But Henry did not have the ruthless will required to crush the ene-

mies that beset him on every hand, and the unhappy Kaiser died, despised and almost friendless, in the village of Buonconvento during his march to Naples, but three years after he had set forth in jubilant glory from Colmar. Three years! Wilson's fame was at its apogee for just that period. Shortly before Christmas, 1918, a representative of the Geneva Red Cross, who was forced to tell the little patients at a children's hospital at Vienna how unhappy he was because he could not bring them holiday gifts, was greeted with a chorus of replies: 'Wilson is coming. Then everything will be all right.' Yet by the autumn of 1919 the invalid President was deserted and reviled.

At the Hotel Crillon, Wilson remained the same man that he had been in Princeton, Trenton, and Washington, but, like the giant in the old Greek legend, he was easily conquered when separated from the native soil whence he drew his strength, even though the men who accomplished this were surely no demigods like the Hercules who lifted Antaeus from his mother earth. Was it necessary for Wilson to represent America personally at the Peace Conference? Is it permitted a deity to descend from his seat in the clouds, where he is enwrapped with mystery and awe? At Paris the President was merely mounted on a lofty pillar in the public glare. He knew little of the intimate structure of Europe—far too little for a judge. The fact that a network of secret treaties prevented the application of his Fourteen Points was kept a secret from him to the end. He did not realize the change of sentiment that was occurring in America, where the Senate sulked in anger at not being invited to the negotiations. He did not know how he was being criticized at home for favoring Japan and seeking autocratic power. He did not possess the clever trading-

instincts and shrewdness needed in his new rôle.

From the moment his cunning opponents coaxed him to relinquish the first point of his programme, the publicity of all negotiations, and to enter the secret conventicle of the Big Four, he was deprived of the megaphone through which he had proclaimed his ideals to the world. But most of all he was hampered by the fact that Germany had deferred her tender of an armistice until, after her superhuman effort, she was physically powerless to resist any demand made on her, and that consequently the Western Powers no longer needed the material support of America, which had won the war, in order to work their will with their vanquished enemy. As early as 1916 Tsar Nicholas was begged by French bankers to prevent America's joining the Allies, in order that Wilson might not 'spoil the peace.' But in 1919 if he proved obstinate he might be courteously requested to go back home.

Thereupon Wilson did what his opposite, Lenin, did two years later. Recognizing that he could not carry out his programme, he resorted to what the French express in the proverb, *Reculer pour mieux sauter*. He sacrificed the details of the Peace Treaty to his great ideal of the League of Nations. We owe to him also the fact that France did not make the Rhine her boundary and did not make all Upper Silesia and Danzig Polish; and that the former German colonies were not allotted outright to our enemies, but only subject to mandates that limit their title to them.

And if America, with all her political, economic, and moral power, had remained in the League of Nations, even without obligating herself further than she wished, who can doubt that from this forum would have gone forth a healing message that would have

driven the noxious vapors from the international atmosphere and restored the suzerainty of justice and reason over the minds of men? Who can doubt that even to-day — aye, to-morrow — a wiser world-order may be thus attained?

Wilson and Lenin! These two men thus strangely joined in death are the only figures that the World War has placed in the enduring niche of history. Only these two can aspire to what men, with puerile pride, call immortality. Lenin, who first appeared to our vision with fierce threats upon his lips, who wrote his cruel commands in blood, who sought to enforce his ideals by callous brutality and shrewd trickery — did he not discover at length that the cause he led to apparent victory was doomed to ultimate defeat?

Wilson did not live to see the victory of his cause. But he thought and felt things that no head of a great State before him had ever thought and felt. The humblest and the mightiest of the earth listened to his words, which seemed from the threshold of a new era to proclaim a higher morality among nations. And echoes of this doctrine still reach our ears in the peace sermons of that marvelous apostle, Lloyd George, and in

the serious and weighty utterances of Ramsay MacDonald.

The glorious age that Wilson heralded will come because it must come. When and where in all history has high endeavor ever reached the summit of its vision? The Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, of whose *Thoughts* Wilson's words often remind us, sank halfway to his goal. Even that most glorious of all visions, seen by the Carpenter's Son of Galilee, must first be tempered to human understanding by the mind of the more earthly and worldly-wise Paul. Wilson had no such apostle, but he accomplished something that never before seemed possible. He persuaded a great and youthful nation to fight for an ideal, and to demand in return for its huge sacrifice no war indemnity, not even the slightest. The man who performed this miracle could not be a small man. The thousands who surrounded the house in which he died that recent winter's night paid homage with renewed reverence to the unsullied character of the leader whose high aspiration had crowned their country with a glory it had never known before.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade Of that which once was great is passed away.

AS THE ACTORS LEAVE THE STAGE

BY LOUIS ARAQUISTAIN

From *El Sol*, February 24
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

FIRST Lenin, then Wilson — two names that will be associated in history for all time. Even the paralysis that held both men bedbound adds to the parallel. Did each sink under the crushing burden of the task he sought to finish? Or did some obscure presentiment of the brief span of days left them kindle the fever of Utopia in their hearts? That is a psychological or a pathological mystery too difficult to solve. But it seems to be an historical law that great creative geniuses either die young or at least achieve their destiny in a very brief period of intense activity. So it was with Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon — two of whom were certainly epileptics. So it was with Christ and so with Cromwell; and thus it proves to-day with Lenin and Wilson. The historical hero is almost invariably a tragic personage. Either the circumstances he himself creates destroy him or he creates them because he is spurred on by a profound and phrenetic impatience with life — having already caught the secret whisper of death. Little is to be expected of lands and eras dominated by aged men, who prefer living a century without pain or glory to dying great at forty.

Wilson, like Lenin, was a Messianic character. Both sought by different routes the redemption of humanity — one in Communism, the other in a League of Nations. Some claim that the Great Republic threw her armies into the scale of battle merely to save the millions she had loaned the Allies.

That may have been a motive in Wall Street, but it made no appeal to Wilson, or to a majority of his countrymen. They intervened in response to a religious conception of right, a mystical sense of responsibility for the welfare of nations. If Germany had wantonly violated the laws of peace, it was the duty of all the world to see that her crime was not justified before mankind by victory. The United States fulfilled this duty. That nation thereby gave an example of great disinterestedness. It anticipated the founding of the League of Nations by acting as if that body already existed. In view of this, it was not possible to refuse Wilson his wish to embody the spirit of international solidarity that had guided him in the Covenant that he sought to add to the Treaty of Versailles, the Covenant that constitutes the sole great and enduring clause of that lamentable instrument.

The League of Nations was Wilson's and Wilson's alone. We know quite well that the idea did not originate with him. It had hovered for centuries in the dreams of thinkers. But in politics the source of an idea counts for nothing. Only its realization is important. Wilson sacrificed his people to the ideal of the League of Nations. Had they taken no part in the war, his project would have languished in a sterile vacuum. The intervention of the United States was the first foundation-stone of this fragile international structure, still half completed and constantly lashed by the winds and

tempests of national egoism. His plan was endorsed, the foundations were laid. That was the moral price old Europe paid for the succor that the American troops brought her. But Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and all the other civilian leaders of the war smiled in their sleeves. What the professor-President proposed was a dream, and not a particularly pleasant dream to them. It remained a professor's fancy, and no more, to experts and skeptics greedy to divide the spoils of victory. But Wilson only wanted his dream, and for that abandoned realities to his associates. An easy bargain!

Later, when the war and its mysterious exaltation had passed, his own people likewise deserted him. They blamed his quixotism and repudiated his work. Wall Street, which saw its loans threatened with remission, or scaling down if America entered a League of Nations, had its way. America must remain unshackled. At length, abandoned by men, Wilson found himself also abandoned by his physical strength, and left helpless to continue to battle for his ideal. Again like Lenin!

Surely there is no reason to envy the lot of these two men, who lingered on in conscious helplessness, unable to support and defend their fragile handiwork, which seemed to crumble before their eyes. But it merely seemed to do so, for the only durable fruits of the European War are the democratization of Russia and the League of Nations — and, like a bridge connecting and supporting them, the rise of Labor to power in Great Britain.

Wilson will pass into history as one of the great reformers of the Law of Nations. He sought to extend to governments the principle of limitation and responsibility. Let each be sovereign, but only so far as this does not impair the sovereignty of another. Let

all peoples be free, but without trespassing upon the freedom of their neighbors. Coördinate sovereignty, reciprocal freedom, unqualified responsibility — these are the great principles of democracy that Wilson dreamed of applying to the relation between states. Indeed, the League of Nations is but the beginning of an international democracy.

The revolutionary principles of limitation and responsibility that England first established in domestic politics during the struggles between Parliament and the Crown, Wilson attempted to make effective between sovereign governments. Within each country that principle transcends merely political relations and invades the realm of private economy. It has given birth to a new code of laws and new social customs that guarantee the absolute liberty of the individual while imposing upon him increasing limitations and responsibilities, in order to harmonize his private interests with those of the community. That is in substance the ultimate juristic principle of Socialism, although it is distorted into weird forms at times, as at present in Russia. But both Lenin and Wilson were filled with a profound conviction that no institution and no person, no individual and no government, no private citizen and no public corporation, either in law or in business relations, either at home or abroad, should be unlimited and irresponsible.

Men vanish like shadows, leaving the furrow they have ploughed behind them. The dreamers of Utopia are the architects of the future. History is Utopia in unceasing process of realization. And its great dramatis personæ, reviled and ridiculed though they may be to-day, are its heroes of to-morrow, and enjoy the reverence of posterity. Let our judgment to-day be that of the generations to come.

THYSSEN ON REPARATIONS

BY FERNAND DE BRINON

[The Living Age printed an interview with Stinnes on Reparations, by the writer of the present article, in its issue of February 16. The following discussion of the same theme by Fritz Thyssen, the greatest of the German steel kings, completes a brief cycle of German industrial opinion on this subject. The two articles, both of which appeared in a paper closely associated with the French Comité des Forges, are significant as representing the effort of French industrialists to educate the people of their own country in the economics of the Reparations question.]

From *Le Journal des Débats*, February 7
(QUASI-OFFICIAL CONSERVATIVE LITERARY AND POLITICAL DAILY)

THE monotonous flats of the Ruhr under a mantle of gray cloud; lofty cement buildings covered with signs in enormous letters, advertising industrial undertakings; a forest of factory chimneys, weird black furnaces, ascending torrents of white steam and sooty smoke mingling with the mists above; not a tree visible along the interminable canals where countless scows and lighters are lined in regular ranks, but instead an endless vista of immense cranes towering aloft like the uncouth steel vegetation of some futurist and totally mechanized world — this is Ruhrort, the greatest river-harbor of the globe. Next door stands Hamborn and its steel works, the domain of Thyssen, who is called the steel king of Europe because these works alone turn out more than four thousand tons of steel a day.

Fifty-two years ago an energetic young manufacturer named August Thyssen set up at Mülheim on the Ruhr, the native town of Hugo Stinnes, a little mill for rolling hoops. He controlled a capital of three thousand marks and employed some forty workmen. Fortune smiled upon him. Time passed. The great works at Hamborn succeeded the Mülheim rolling-mill, and where there had been but a hamlet a chain of populous towns with

tens of thousands of inhabitants sprang up from the Westphalian plains in response to the magic wand of this modest metallurgist. Soon Thyssen's domains spread beyond the Ruhr. Great works were erected at Hagondange in Lorraine, in order to exchange the ore and the half-finished metal products of that province for the fuel of the Ruhr.

Almost on the eve of the outbreak of the war, in 1914, August Thyssen extended his system still further, and erected in France itself the great blast-furnaces at Caen, which were to be supplied with Westphalian coal, carried thither by scows that would bring back on their return voyage Normandy iron ore for the Hamborn steel works. Such was the vast economic organism conceived by the vision and realized by the will of a single man. August Thyssen allowed himself no leisure to enjoy his vast fortune. His whole life was spent in enlarging his enterprises. A tradition says that he never slept tranquilly unless his account was overdrawn by thirty millions. His motto was: 'If I stop growing, I fail.'

Here I am at Hamborn, in the office of Fritz Thyssen, the eldest son and successor of the founder of the firm. It is a vast room with two great bay-

windows from which I can see the canals and the immense port, with its countless scows and tugboats, and the forest of steel cranes already mentioned. On the walls hang output charts and a charcoal portrait of August Thyssen when he was fifty years old. It shows a well-groomed, comfortable-looking man who seems to look down upon his son and visitors with dignified benevolence.

Evidently Fritz Thyssen belongs to another generation. His tall graceful figure, smoothly shaven face, carefully parted blond hair just turning gray, and his regular features would make him seem an Englishman, were it not for his hazel eyes, which have a very marked expression — a Southern look. He does not suggest an Oriental prophet as did the late Walter Rathenau, nor a doctrinaire professor sure of his theme as does Hugo Stinnes. He is smiling, easy-going, and cordial.

‘I’m rather afraid,’ he observed to me pleasantly, ‘to talk to a journalist. Who knows what he will make me say?’

We thereupon agreed that I should submit my notes of the interview to Mr. Thyssen as I did to Mr. Stinnes. Then I addressed to him my first formal question: —

‘What is your opinion of the future relations between France and Germany? How do you view the settlement of the Reparations that Germany owes?’

Mr. Thyssen pondered. He slowly stirred the ashes in his ashtray with his cigarette. Then he raised his head and commenced to speak.

‘I must say first of all that, so long as present policies continue, I see little possibility of a Reparations settlement and an understanding. The occupation of the Ruhr stands between us, and will continue to do so, for we can never accept it. I am forced to say this, for

I am a German and I want to be a good German. Naturally we have lost the war and we must pay the piper. We are perfectly willing to pay Reparations to any amount that we may agree upon, but we must have the means to do so.

‘Now Mr. Stinnes has told you already — and you will not find any rational person who will tell you differently — that the contract entered into between the M.I.C.U.M. and the German industrialists cannot continue. To put on the shoulders of private individuals debts that ought to be paid by the Government is an impossible paradox. It won’t work. So if our industries are to continue making deliveries it is imperative to find some way of paying us for them. But how and where? No one even knows who is governing here just now. France is governing, Belgium is governing, Berlin is governing, all the world is giving orders. The result is that we are in a very difficult situation, not only materially but morally. When we decide upon a line of action, we often have to ask if we are not going farther than love of country allows; if, as good Germans, we have a right to do as we proposed. You should understand that. Your gendarmes understood it during my trial at Mainz, when they said to me: “You have acted like a good German. In your place we would have done what you did.”

‘Let me say here, I am no politician. I know nothing of politics and do not want to know anything about them. But I cannot see any promise in what is being done at present. I cannot understand it. It seems to me that people have lost sight of the economic realities that govern the world to-day; for everyone ought to know by this time that economic crises, wherever they occur, invariably produce visible and disastrous effects all over the world.

‘What do we see to-day in Germany? Capital has vanished. If you were intimate with our business you would know what straits we are put to daily to get money. Before our currency went to smash, all the shrewd men who owned marks converted them into something of real value. They possess these securities now, but they cannot sell them because there are no purchasers. Others hung on to their marks and saw their fortunes wiped out, absolutely wiped out. The result is a profound disturbance in our economic life, a disturbance so serious that if the Ruhr and all its agencies of production were returned to Germany intact to-morrow it would take our country a long time to recover.’

‘It is said,’ I interrupted, ‘and is definitely proved, that a great many Germans have systematically invested their fortunes abroad and have thus placed their property in safety outside their country.’

‘I think,’ replied Mr. Thyssen, ‘that this is exaggerated and that you would be tremendously disappointed if some way were devised for repatriating all the money that Germans have sent out of their country. I am perfectly aware that some of my countrymen have done what you say. But I am likewise certain that there are people in Belgium and France, and even in England, who have figured the same way and done the same thing. Suppose you were the father of a family and had accumulated property that you wanted to leave to your children. If you saw disaster coming, would you not try to save that property? That is very natural. But, in spite of all that, I am convinced that the amount that Germans have on deposit in foreign banks is exaggerated.’

‘But they also say that Germany has virtually wiped out her foreign and domestic debt by inflating her cur-

rency; that if she were relieved of Reparations to-morrow she would be in a far better situation than that of her conquerors.’

‘I personally think that Germany would have reason to be very well satisfied if she still had her foreign debt and possessed the means to pay it. The serious thing in the present situation is that we have n’t means to pay. To keep asking for what cannot be paid is merely running up against a stone wall. Take my works here, for example. If they are not operated, there will be no money. If there is no money, I cannot pay. The first thing is to get money, and there is but one way to get money—to work and produce.

“‘Yes,” they say, “but your credit?” But it is useless to talk about credit at present. German banks will not give it for the very good reason that they have no more deposits. Foreign banks do not trust us. The situation is too precarious. They will make us advances for one month or two months. What can you do with that? Now America is gorged with wealth. She has absorbed the gold of the world. It is sometimes amusing and entertaining to see how history repeats itself. The Roman Empire at the height of its power had absorbed all the gold in the world. No other people possessed any. But there came a time when the Romans had to sell back their gold at a low price in order that commerce, which is the lifeblood of nations, might be resumed. The more one ponders upon this problem of Reparations, which weighs so heavily upon us, the more convinced he becomes that the real point is whether we shall try to solve it by antiquated political methods or by modern business methods.

‘Military strength does not count for as much as it did a hundred years ago.

Have n't we just seen America, without military traditions and unmilitary by temperament, play an important political rôle because she possesses economic strength? Although it may be possible, even in our day, to rule a nation by the methods of a past epoch, that does not mean that such methods are advisable and that they profit anyone. France is a victorious nation, and she has military superiority. But her currency is depreciating. Ask yourself if that is not due partly to the policies she pursues.'

'That is due mainly,' I replied, 'to the fact that she is carrying alone the burden of restoring her devastated territories, because Germany will not pay.'

Thereupon Mr. Thyssen halted his exposition of the philosophy of history. After a few moments' reflection he resumed:—

'Quite true. But it would not be so if we had been left ability to pay. All that does not affect the fact that the policies pursued since the Armistice have involved impossible contradictions. Please note, however, that these contradictions are not entirely attributable to us or to you.

'For instance, I cannot see the sense in America expecting her allies to pay their debts to her, and at the same time preventing the importation of the goods they want to sell her. She expects you to pay and yet she keeps out your wine. She says: "I want my money. But I won't take your products." England is levying a tax of twenty-six per cent upon German goods, and at the same time she wants us to pay her a vast sum. I insist that these things are incompatible with each other. It would be more reasonable to answer to those who demand the payment of their war debts: "You lent us this money to carry on a war in common. This money was used to make war

purchases, and we know under what conditions these purchases were made. We are willing to pay you, but we can pay you only in kind—in steel, munitions, merchandise, products, in the goods we bought from you for our common cause."

'The whole Reparations difficulty springs from such contradictions. In order to pay we must have money. In order to get money we must produce. In order to produce, conditions for production must be provided—that is, credit and security. We have neither.

'When it is a question of sums of the size of those you claim from us, the money cannot be put into railway cars and shipped to you. The wealth of the world to-day consists in factories and furnaces and business enterprises. That is peculiarly true of Germany, which is not a country particularly rich in natural resources. Her wealth is produced by her labor. It comes from selling much and buying much.

'That brings us to the pith of the matter. Our people must work more than ever to free themselves from debt. Now one of the worst blunders committed by our republican Government, which signed the Treaty of Versailles that demanded from Germany a crushing sum, is that it did not frankly tell our working people at the time that labor was a national duty more imperative than ever. But that was a so-called democratic Government, a Socialist Government, a Government contrived to suit you and toward which you showed marked kindness. You forgot that such a Government, young and feeble as it was, must court the masses and did not dare demand too heavy sacrifices from them. You are accustomed to republican institutions. However, your republic is not like ours. Democracy does not represent anything to us. It does not inspire

confidence in any of us. What we want is a Government. Don't be surprised if the Governments you have seen here hitherto have always been ready to sign anything and have never honored their signatures. They have advertised their weakness daily and have inspired no confidence. I may surprise you in asserting that a conservative Government would have served you better in respect to Reparations. You say it would have plotted war. That is an absurdity. It would have been strong enough to do things, and to insist on heavy sacrifices from all the people, because it would have had authority and would have inspired confidence.

'So we have the present situation. It is, I believe, the logical outcome of a series of errors going back to 1914. I shall not discuss the origin of the war, for we should not agree there. I merely want to say that events run their fatal course. If we start out with false premises, we cannot reach true results. It will take able men to get things back in their true course. We have never had many such men. You do not like Bismarck in France; but who knows, if we had had a Bismarck and you had had a Jules Ferry, what our present history might have been? Now we agree in this, that Reparations should be paid. Here at my place we are ready to sign contracts guaranteeing an exchange of products between your industries and ours. That would be a

first step. I believe that we might allot for Reparations certain stipulated taxes; but it is necessary to discard our political preconceptions and learn that economic forces take precedence.

'If we continue to quarrel and nag each other, Europe is doomed to a decline. What does our Europe amount to compared with the prodigious expansion of America, where the products of the Ford business alone would, according to some reports, be enough to amortize our Reparations debt? America is turning out forty million tons of steel. Should she fancy to-morrow to throw five per cent of that output upon the European market, it would swamp us. Every day that passes sees her industrial plants grow stronger, while here, at our works at Hamborn for instance, we cannot even keep things in repair and up to date.'

'Do you think that such a decline of our old Europe will be a blessing to the world?'

'I know very well that there are writers and thinkers, both in your country and my country, who are pondering this problem. But what I want is to see our governments studying and pondering that problem. Will the time ever come? I see no prospect of it now. But I hope it will come, and come speedily. If it does not, our continent, preoccupied with its own disastrous strifes, is likely to sink into servitude.'

SOVIET DIPLOMACY SINCE THE WAR

BY GEORGII CHICHERIN

FOREIGN MINISTER OF RUSSIA

[This official Soviet interpretation of Russia's foreign policy is interesting chiefly for its bearing upon the controversial question of Russia's recognition. Chicherin, who is not a voluminous writer, has seldom expressed himself in print upon this theme. The present article is taken from two signed communications that appeared in Izvestia, the Moscow official Government daily, on November 7, 1922, and on January 8, 1924.]

WHEN we review the history of Soviet Russia during the past five years, we see clearly that the exploiting and exploited countries, the capitalist mother-countries and their colonies, have entered into a new phase of competition among themselves, which immeasurably complicates the perennial struggle among the Great Powers. The world's antagonisms at present can be divided into three categories: (a) an international conflict between labor and capital; (b) world rivalries among the Great Powers, which are destroying their present political structure; and (c) growing competition between mother-countries and their colonies:

When the workers and peasants of Russia rose against the ruling classes in their own country, they soon saw that their real and main antagonist was world capital. Tsarism was the servant of the latter, and the weak native bourgeoisie was its shield. The historical meaning of the October revolution was this, that the toiling masses of Russia saw at length that a bourgeois Russia, subservient to world capital, could never be made the home of a real democracy in our era of worldwide economic interdependence. They saw that an apparently democratic régime would merely be a mask for the overlordship of world capital, and of the more advanced exploiting countries, in Russia. They perceived that when the capitalists of the Allies drove

German capital from Russia they were using the war to enslave Russia and to perpetuate our economic servitude indefinitely. Our workers and peasants who had laid down their lives for the Allies, at the dictation even of Krenskii's Government, had learned by bitter experience who their true master was to be. Therefore the October revolution was designed not only to overthrow their own ruling caste but likewise to strike the shackles of world-capital from our country:

The three phases of world conflict I have defined above are constantly interwoven with one another — often in a whimsical way. Concrete conditions frequently force them to support each other even against their will. . . . When Soviet Russia was being born, the conflict among the Great Powers had expressed itself in the form of a World War between two vast coalitions; during the years that immediately ensued it took the further form of hostility between England and France, between Japan and the United States, and of economic antagonism between Great Britain and America. In both phases of this broader development the Great Powers courted the Soviet Government, competing with each other for its favor, although they were united in their desire to strangle that Government. . . .

The struggle between the great capitalist States is due to the desire of

each to reduce its rivals to the rank of an exploited colonial country. This was the aim of Germany. . . . But Germany could not defeat England, and the members of the former coalition of Central Europe were reduced in the end to the status of exploited colonial countries; indeed at present Germany seems to be sinking still deeper into the slough of economic subordination.

But while the history of the last five years records the continuous effort of the Allied Powers to absorb the weaker countries, a diametrically opposite movement toward the emancipation of the latter has simultaneously occurred. . . . These two contrary currents are chiefly responsible for the complexity of our present historical evolution. We similarly witness in the foremost countries an effort of reactionary oligarchies to establish their dictatorship and a simultaneous rallying of the middle classes and the petty bourgeoisie, who have suffered so keenly from the present world-crisis, to the standard of pacifism and democracy. In other words, capitalist oligarchies are growing stronger and strengthening their hold upon governments and peoples, while oppressed races and classes are struggling with more confidence and certainty than ever before to emancipate themselves, and pacifism and radicalism are constantly gaining ground among the masses of the mother-countries.

Russia formerly occupied a unique position between these mother-countries on the one hand and strictly colonial countries on the other, and that unique position she still continues to hold. Following the establishment of the Soviet Government, we were for a brief period at the mercy of imperial Germany. Two contrary policies were then advocated at Berlin: Ludendorff and his military Government wanted to stifle Soviet Russia in

the cradle, to make the land another Ukraine; our tactics consisted in aligning German industry and trade against these military leaders. We said to the more farsighted and influential bourgeois politicians of that country: 'If you make Russia another Ukraine, you will draw no profit from her. You will have continuous partisan warfare; you will encounter the resistance of secret organizations. Industry and trade will be paralyzed. You will make Russia a desert and will reap no harvest from her. Only by compromising with us and by fostering our economic welfare will you draw profit from us.' These arguments were sufficiently convincing to induce that country to adopt a policy of peaceful penetration.

Meanwhile the Allies did not for a moment lose sight of Russia's possibilities. Economic control over her meant a long step toward their world supremacy. They had an advantage over Germany because the Russian bourgeoisie, with the exception of a few pro-German aristocrats of little influence, was in sympathy with them. The Allies used so-called democratic agencies and made the democratic elements in Russia their tool. Immediately after Brest-Litovsk, England likewise pursued a policy of peaceful penetration. This continued until the Czechoslovak uprising, when all the Allies united in a campaign to foment civil war among us and to crush us by military force.

During the second phase of our struggle for existence we were in the clutches of the Allies, among whom the same opposing tendencies existed with respect to Russia that had previously existed in Germany. Churchill and the French championed a programme of military subjugation identical with that previously advocated by Ludendorff, while Lloyd George argued in

favor of industrial and commercial penetration, such as Stresemann and his clique had previously advocated in Germany. Fundamentally there was nothing to choose between the policies of Germany and of the Allies. Churchill's programme was essentially the programme of the Germans in the Ukraine. . . . Siberia under Kolchak was in fact a repetition of the Ukraine under Germany's tool, Hetman Skoropadskii. The programme proposed to us by Bullitt, in April 1919, included a demand that the territories occupied by the White Guards should be left to them, which meant that we were to renounce those territories for unlimited exploitation by the Allies. Furthermore, we must recognize pre-war debts, which meant a peaceful penetration by Allied capital of Soviet Russia herself.

Subsequently, while the Lloyd George system was getting the ascendancy over the system of Lord Churchill, a great ferment arose among the peoples of Asia, who demanded emancipation. Lloyd George thereupon endeavored to combine peaceful capitalistic penetration of Russia with concessions to the peoples of Asia. He failed in both.

After the victory of Lloyd George over Churchill in England, the conflict between the two systems championed respectively by these men persisted as a conflict between British and French policies. England proposed at Cannes the reconstruction of Russia by a consortium having its headquarters in London — that is, by converting Russia into an object of exploitation. The Cannes resolution was a restatement of the very policy that German industrialists had previously proposed to pursue in Russia. The programme of British capital and of Stinnes in Germany — who at that time supported the English project — was to create an

international capitalist front to exploit Russia, in which Germany would be a subservient factor supplying technical service for that object. The Treaty of Rapallo in 1922 was the fruit of a long-standing and complex struggle on our part to bring about independent and separate economic coöperation between Russia and Germany, outside the international capitalist combine I have just described.

The Genoa Conference represented the culmination of the programme for a peaceful penetration of Russia. That Conference, likewise, was a complex affair. Bourgeois pacifism played an important rôle there. The representatives of the Allied Governments discoursed fluently of peace and the reconstruction of Europe, while doing very little toward the concrete realization of that aim. The fundamental issue at Genoa was: Shall Russia be developed with the aid of foreign capital, without enslaving Russia, or shall foreign capital completely dominate that country? The Russian delegation was courted with every temptation and flattery. It was like the familiar allegory where Satan promised Jesus dominion over all the kingdoms of the world spread before his eyes, if Jesus would only bow to him. The most tempting prospects were dangled before the Soviet emissaries as a reward for recognizing the overlordship of foreign capital. The issue was clearly drawn between submission to the capitalists of the world or independent development with the aid of that capital — by a bargain but not by bondage. . . .

The labor-peasant Government of Russia appeared at Genoa between the advanced countries of Western Europe and the oppressed colonial countries of the East, as an independent world Power. She thereupon began her career

as an active factor in international policy. At numberless meetings and conversations with men of all nationalities at Berlin I personally convinced myself that Soviet Russia had now become an independent factor in world affairs, which must now be taken into account and whose aid was courted and sought.

At the present time, when the movement for emancipation among the peoples of the East is growing stronger daily, when the wronged and exploited masses of the West are struggling violently for their rights, when pacifist opposition to the reactionary oligarchies that rule the Great Powers is increasing, labor-peasant Russia, pursuing her course of independent economic development, utilizing foreign capital without selling herself to it, has become a central factor in the complex of world relations. She desires to make secure her boundaries, her coasts, her highways of commerce, her sea routes, her trade. She desires to develop her economic relations with all countries as an independent political power; she seeks friendship with all. She is ready to compromise with them on the basis of a definite bargain. 'Bargain, but no bondage,' is her slogan. World capital stops at her door. On her territories the toiling masses

themselves direct their own economy and forge their own future.

England does not pay us any special compliment when her Government gives us official recognition. But we need this recognition to improve the status of our trade. England needs it because she seeks our raw materials and our markets. We do not grant concessions for this recognition; we do not consider it as charity or as a favor.

In our negotiations with Italy we also keep in mind the practical purpose of bettering our trade. We are ready to make economic concessions, but only in return for economic advantages. . . . Our relations with Germany have so improved that they have carried us through our worst period of economic distress, because they are based on the mutual interests of the two republics. While we are compelled to limit our economic relations with France, we do not boycott that country. On the contrary, our policy is dictated by a desire to reach an agreement, even a political agreement with her Government — I believe that will be possible in the near future.

The three main factors strengthening our international position are our Red Army, our new gold currency, and our grain exports. . . .

LAMAISM: A RELIGION OF PERIPATETICS AND MEDITATION

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *North China Herald*, January 26
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

THE biggest word in Lamaistic nomenclature is circumambulation — the philosophy and simplicity of simply going round and round some inanimate holy object. Some religions are comparative, Lamaism is entirely and completely round. The devotee of this mystic system spends his life on earth going round something and turning round, and his life in Hades continues the unending movement, the Wheel of Transmigration. The poor Tibetan, morning, noon, and night, with hands and feet and brain is eternally going round and round. He walks round sepulchres, cenotaphs, and holy symbols; he walks round stone heaps, temples, and mountains; he will patiently and laboriously and persistently circumambulate any and every holy object and while doing so manipulate his rosary in one hand and turn his prayer wheel in the other.

Whoever invented and perpetuated this form of religion bequeathed to the inhabitants on the Roof of the World a system at once so simple and ingenious, so satisfying and accommodating, so free from hypothesis and argument, that the Tibetans have adopted it en masse and now spend the greater part of their lives walking round some sacred edifice, firmly believing the more they go round in this life the less they will go round in the next.

Imagine Dean Inge spending forty years walking round St. Paul's Cathedral, or Bishop Tucker passing his days circumambulating Lake Chad. If it were not so absolutely serious and so

pathetically hopeless, this whole system would seem utterly ridiculous. There is a wealthy Tibetan temple in Tachienlu, situated quite near the riverside. An old man nearly seventy and an old woman just about the same age spend their days walking round this building. The old man's lips mumble '*Omnipadmehum*,' the old man's hand turns *Omnipadmehum*, and the old man's legs walk round *Omnipadmehum*. We occasionally meet him and he smiles but keeps on forever going round and round. His rosary tells him how many times he has prayed and how often he has circumambulated the holy temple.

The Lama walks round the sacred building, the nomad goes round the venerable pile of stones, the merchant circumambulates the solemn mountain. Circumambulation is considered one of the most meritorious and indispensable duties in the Lamaistic religion and is performed sometime, somewhere, by everybody in the Forbidden Land. The Lama has no more ardent wish than to be finally released from this perpetual going round or wandering of the soul, and to escape successfully from metempsychosis is to enter that state of pure bliss known as Nirvana. The devotee firmly believes that by assiduously going round in this life he assuredly decreases the painful going round in the next.

The next word in the Lamaistic nomenclature is contemplation. Circumambulation is a general exercise — contemplation is a particular devotion.

Circumambulation is performed by the crowd — contemplation is the lonely vigil. Circumambulation calls for no concentration — contemplation demands intense cogitation. The nomad may circumambulate — only the Lama can contemplate. The simple meaning of the word is to 'look' and involves an act of the mind or will. Apparently the Lama can look in different ways, and contemplation is no doubt the 'holy look.' He has, however, a number of other 'looks' enumerated as follows: the elephant's look, the lion's look, the magic look, the attracting look, the repulsive look, the precipitating look, the paralyzing look, the mild look, the powerful look, and the striding look.

Contemplation implies none of these. It is the steady fixed look or gaze on some holy object, image, or symbol. The Lama, within the confines of his own private apartment, sitting à la Buddha, places on a low table before him the image of some saint. In front of this, and with his mind firmly fixed upon it, he will sit in contemplation for hours, days, months, years. There is a story told of a Lama who for thirty-four years retained his vows as an anchorite. During that long time he sat with an image of Buddha in front of him. At the end of that long time, it is said his features became like unto the image he gazed at.

The third word in this mystic system is meditation. This takes us a step higher than contemplation and involves separation from the world, friends, and earthly pleasures. Meditation implies and demands a very high type of scholarship. If the Lama gives himself to meditation, it presupposes he has something to meditate upon. This form of devotion is indulged in only by the highly educated priest. The Lama who would meditate has 'in his stomach' — the depository of learning — a com-

plete knowledge of all the sacred books and writings. With his extensive store of wisdom he devotes himself to intensive rumination, and this, in its simplest form, is meditation.

Contemplation demands the concentration of the eye on some holy object; meditation requires the determination of the mind on some sacred subject. To avoid mere wool-gathering, effective meditation assumes three things. First, clarity. If the Lama is to get anywhere in his meditation it must be characterized by clearness. Secondly, there must be firmness, there must be decision in thinking along certain lines, otherwise nothing will be accomplished. Thirdly, there must be absolute freedom from distraction. This is perhaps the most important thing in successful meditation. The last requirement may account for the lonely situation of many of the Tibetan temples.

In his sequestered cell, perhaps some cave along the mountains, far removed from the haunts of men, the gloomy Lama sits in silent solitary vigil. He may be daily and assiduously repeating the Coué formula or simply following Lord Riddell's advice on concentration. It is difficult to find out, as the Lama generally sits alone in his secluded cell. His hands are clasped in prayer. In the intensity of his meditation he forgets food, comfort, cold, home, friends, everything but the theme that occupies his mind. Ecstasy or frenzy may now take possession of him; ecstasy because the mind has reveled in some satisfying soliloquy, frenzy because the power of meditation has surrounded him with the object of his desire. When his soul is filled with sweetness and his cell with demons his weary vigil ends in the accomplishment so dear to the Lama, namely, 'the grasping of the intangible.' This appears to be the summum bonum of Lamaism — the acquisition of the spiritual and the realization of Nirvana.

To attain these he will labor, watch, and pray.

Realization is the last word in Lamaistic nomenclature. After long years of weary circumambulation, steady contemplation, holy meditation, the Lama believes that he has attained or accomplished something. In all these three forms of devotion he has applied himself persistently and patiently, and what has he gained? By his own efforts he has triumphantly escaped the torments of Hades: by his own virtues he has successfully assured himself of the pleasures of Heaven. In popular, everyday Lama language, Hades and Heaven, reward and punishment, failure and attainment, play a very large and important part.

This, however, touches Lamaism only on its temporal side. In its spiritual and philosophical aspect Lamaism reaches very high. Successful circumambulation, contemplation, and meditation end in the realization or appropriation of three things.

First, there is the idea of rendering a god subject to human power, forcing him to perform the will of man. The common people perform a vast number of prayers and conjurations addressed to the god who is to be made subservient to their wishes.

Secondly, the ability after a long, arduous, and painful process to change or transform one's self into something different. This is considered the highest acquisition of any man, that by his own efforts and holiness he has assumed or attained divine nature. He is still, however, in the flesh and capable of eating, drinking, and sleeping, and will continue to do so until he has been absorbed into that blessed state of nothingness.

The third and last attainment, whether by circumambulation, contemplation, or meditation, is the complete annihilation of every known and un-

known enemy, spiritual, physical, and temporal, past, present, and future. Passion, pleasure, pain, as enemies obstructing the path to the realization of his highest aspirations, have all been overcome and subdued, and the Lama now sits in perfect bliss with one step between him and Nirvana — nothingness.

Thus we find in popular Lamaism these three forms of worship — circumambulation, contemplation, and meditation, followed by three attainments — namely, coercion of the gods, acquisition of divine nature, and the subjugation of every hindering influence in the path that leads to the Lama's goal.

And John answered him saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils. So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine.

Rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.

And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name.

In this dark, closed, forbidden land the lonely Lama sits in solitude; in the mud-built gloomy temple they sit in thousands; the solitary traveler wends his weary way across the snow-bound mountain pass; the mendicant, encumbered with his charms and talismans, trudges day by day along the endless, barren plateau. And if you ask the simple question, 'Why?' the artless answer is: 'Devils confront me and surround me wherever I go. I want power to subdue and overcome them. Lamaism tells me that Hades is a place of torture and torment — from that I wish to escape. Heaven, the Buddha's Elysium, is a place of perfect rest and peace — I want to get there. If circumambulation, if contemplation, if meditation can assist me to accomplish my desire, I will endure them.'

FEMINISM IN JAPAN

BY ALBERT MAYBON

[On account of its extreme length only portions of this article are translated.]

From *La Revue Mondiale*, December 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS FORTNIGHTLY)

JAPANESE feminism is fundamentally revolutionary, for it is directed against the family organization upon which Japanese society rests. Marriage is the keystone. The family in Japan is the house, the name; it is the tribe, whose chief is high priest in the cult of the ancestors — whose duty it is to assure the perpetuity of the cult, whence his obligation to marry.

It has been rightly said that in Japan marriage is less a consecration of the union of two individuals than the alliance of two families. In former times the consent of the grandparents, the father and mother, and relatives of the direct and collateral lines was necessary in order that marriage should be valid; but the new civil code demands only the consent of the head of the family. A Japanese marriage is negotiated by go-betweens. The families of a young man and a young girl are brought together without the knowledge of the couple themselves, who are ordinarily not informed of the proposed union until it has been decided upon. In case the wife is childless — or, to be more exact, if she does not bear a son — she can be repudiated; and if the daughter-in-law does not please the husband's parents, whose servant she is, she understands her duty: to quit the house where she has been received, even though she is sure of her husband's devotion. Nothing is easier than divorce, which takes place by mutual consent; and even though the law gives

every wife the right to oppose her husband's suit for divorce her consent is easily secured. The only formalities required consist of informing the magistrate that such a step has been decided upon.

Woman is obviously sacrificed to the social order. After having been the property of her father, she becomes the property of her husband, who will love her less for herself than for the sons she will bear and for the soldiers she will give the State. Woman has no rights — nothing but duties, until the day comes when she, in turn, may impose her authority on the weakness and timidity of her own daughters-in-law. But ill fortune will pursue her beyond the grave, for only after she has assumed male sex in some later incarnation may she enter the Buddhistic paradise.

Like the religion of India, Chinese philosophy regards woman as an impure being. With the first penetration of European opinions at the beginning of the Meiji era, these Buddhist and Confucian conceptions — contrary as they are to individualistic and Christian ideas — began to be attacked. Various authors, won over by evangelistic morality and equalitarian doctrines, published violent pamphlets against the slavery of woman. The wife, they said, is in a shameful condition of servitude. Even as a mother she is not in a position worthy of that name, for she plays the part of servant to her child instead of protecting him, watch-

ing over the dawning of his faculties and the formation of his character. The great moralist and educator Fukuzawa ardently defended the rights of woman, but he ran his head against a brazen wall of custom and inviolable tradition.

A change in customs is all the more improbable because the individualist reformers who rose against the traditional constitution of the family declared for free love. Feminism in Japan seems to be inspired less by Christian morality than by a national conception earlier than the European influence. Forty years ago Fukuzawa and other writers were defending the rights of woman as much because they were faithful to the most ancient traditions of Japanese life as because they heeded ideas of emancipation brought from Europe.

Was this slight, mannered, passive creature of stunted intelligence really the Japanese woman of earlier days? they demanded. And some of them boldly attributed feminine decline to Chinese and Buddhist influences. Ancient society had been matriarchal. Woman ruled over the home and distinguished herself in politics and literature. Moreover, woman was the origin. According to the official teaching, the Imperial family came from Amaterasu, Goddess of the Sun, and all the most adored divinities are feminine. So, if it is true that the Japanese woman gradually fell from her early rank and became a self-effacing and obedient wife only at the time of the propagation of the Hindu religions and the Chinese Manichæism, then Japanese feminism evidently is a return to the primitive tradition. Ardent spirits believe that in their country, too, the hour of womanhood will come again.

Early in the course of the feminist movement some women, who had read Fukuzawa's pamphlets and those of

other moralists with the cleverness of masculine egoism, had cast a glance at woman's lot, but very timidly, for women at that time shared men's opinion as to their own nature and their destiny. The constitutional movement of 1889 gave some idea of political liberty. The early Socialist agitation taught the individual to demand his rights, and finally literary naturalism taught him the sovereignty of passion. The latter school had a profound revolutionary effect, withdrawing the mind of youth from the old social and moral ideas. In comparison with the rights of a man in love, it paid no heed to the interests of the State, of society, or of the family.

The first Japanese feminists were readers or collaborators of these audacious novelists, who were a disgrace to society. They showed their strength for the first time in 1912, when the most militant of their number, Madame Hiratsuka Akiko, aspired to the leadership of the literary group. Mr. Mori, a master of the artistic school, took an interest in Akiko's ideas and advised her, doubtless not without irony, to give her proposed group the name of 'Blue Stocking' (*Sei-To*).

As early as the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, Madame Yosano had daringly ventured to question masculine pride, and in poems in a new form had expressed sentiments full of freshness and light, whence one could catch an accent coming from the soul of olden time. This was a revelation of feminine genius, showing itself once again in poetry as it had in the time when Japan knew nothing of the masters and the thrifers of the Chinese world.

When Madame Yosano had done with poetry, she devoted herself — about 1913 — to the enfranchisement of women and the reform of the home; but she was not a 'New Woman,' as

Madame Hiratsuka's group dubbed themselves. Although she wished to liberate her sisters from all the shackles that hampered the development of personality, she was not a rebel against the laws of society and the family. Hers was still the traditional ideal: a good wife, a virtuous mother.

Humanity seemed to Madame Yosano a workshop where the two sexes fulfilled distinct functions, each according to its aptitudes. Each in its proper sphere must work for the common good, but the woman's place in study, in production, and in the government of public affairs must be no less than man's. In the conclusion of her book, *Woman and Politics*, she says: 'Let us find happiness in love, work, and equality.' She declared herself a democrat, a socialist, a humanitarian, and a cosmopolitan. She thought it necessary to reject man's domination over the race, the domination of classes over the individual, and the domination of parents over their children. Culture, to her, was the tool of humanitarian society; but she perceived the peril of anarchy and, in order to avoid it, she counseled opposition to all manoeuvres directed against the State.

Until her last years, Madame Yosano was not inclined to demand political rights for women, but, changing her mind, she eventually took a part in a movement to secure women's admission to public gatherings. Her feminism, however, was always directed chiefly to artistic ends. 'Japanese education is an oppression to nature.' It was to remedy the defects of the official schools and to practise a 'liberal and æsthetic method,' which should at the same time respect personality and cultivate individual gifts, that she founded an institute for feminine education.

I visited Madame Yosano at the time when she was working over the plans

for this institute. Surrounded by her numerous children, she told me of the interest that she felt in all the women who during the European War had either helped men or replaced them in the task of production, and when I expressed some surprise she said: 'Why, I myself am simply a workingwoman.' She meant to say that her poetic gifts bestowed no superiority upon her. They were at the service of society.

Her husband further enlightened me on the ideals of their home — the ideals of the internationalist worker, the disciple of justice and universal brotherhood. He discussed the misfortune of the 'genius' Romain Rolland, pursued by ill-disposed persons; the sufferings of democratic Germany struggling beneath the demands of conquering France, so great and so beloved in her generous moods; the militarism and criminal capitalism of all countries. Madame Yosano sat silently smiling, and I watched her — the sturdy features of a plebeian, with an expression of will power, of strength, and of serene eagerness.

What did I learn about Japanese feminism in this household which, as all Tokyo knew, sheltered one of the most learned inspirers of the feminist movement? Little enough, so far as positive information was concerned, but a great deal if I were to interpret what was said to me. When woman has learned to work with her hands and her imagination for the benefit of the group, — when she has learned to express freely her thought and her sentiment, to distinguish between justice and injustice, to obey her instincts, to have a will of her own, — then she will be a good wife, a good mother, and a good citizen.

'Housekeepers' feminism' this would be called by the Blue Stocking school, whose sole method of fighting was by scandal. Toward the end of 1916 one

of these wild creatures attempted to murder a Socialist chief who had not been true to his affections. Madame Ito Noe, who had received the command of the Blue Stockings from Madame Hiratsuka, was involved in this affair, which ended the troublesome organization.

Three years later, however, Madame Hiratsuka herself resumed her interrupted effort by favoring the revival of the ideas of emancipation and the tendency toward democracy and socialism. She hoped for better success. All the former Blue Stockings except the Socialists were reassembled in a singularly chastened mood. It was decided to abandon violent manifestations and to urge on legislators a kind of minimum programme.

The 'New Women,' determining to win the members of Parliament to their side in 1921, rented headquarters opposite the building of the Senate and the Chamber. This was a kind of permanent base for convenient operations on the peers and the deputies, a place full of smiles and conversation — the first Japanese salon, a place where one could talk.

The American type of womanhood haunts the imagination of all these Japanese women. Many of them, especially the novelists, have crossed the Pacific. One of their number, Madame Tamoura, has declared that only in the United States did she comprehend the extent of feminine problems. A good many Japanese girls have studied in the United States. This foreign influence over Japanese feminism has an unfavorable effect on the propaganda of the 'New Women.' The women of the Japanese middle classes, though charmingly brought up, are nevertheless scarcely trained or ready to imagine any state of affairs beyond that which now exists, and they remain indifferent when bidden to claim their

rights. So many centuries have inculcated the conviction that they are inferior to man. 'What is a right?' And when you explain to them — 'Who will grant us rights?' The idea of demanding rights for themselves is beyond their capacity. When one attempts to reason with them after the methods of foreign logic — deduction, induction, analogy, and the rest of it — their minds wander, they smile as at a diverting spectacle. In fact the 'New Women' have spent themselves in vain, for they have no hold upon their own sex, and the feminist formula with which Madame Yosano ended seems to be more in accord with the national spirit — education of the feminine mind along hedonistic lines.

There is, however, a third and quite different kind of feminism preached by the Socialists. The subjection of the wives of the lower classes of society is infinitely less than in the middle classes and the aristocracy. Where poverty and mediocrity exist there is also equality. The peasant's wife, the workman's wife, the shopkeeper's wife are free in their movements, take part in their husbands' work, have a voice in important affairs, and not infrequently a deciding voice. These women are conscious of social inferiority only outside their homes, in the factory, in the office, in stores, and when they want to go to law.

Feminism of the socialist sort is less concerned with reforming the relations of the sexes and the constitution of the family than with combating the exploitation of women in public or industrial enterprises. The number of women working in factories is considerably more than a million, all working from twelve to thirteen hours for wages insufficient for daily needs. All these unfortunate women have the resignation of their race. No doubt they are better off to-day, for the numerous

Christian welfare organizations, which the Buddhist sects try to imitate, are not alone in cultivating philanthropy, and the Government is at length taking an interest in organized social work by private persons. But conditions of labor which call for so many victims indicate a degree of social injustice to which the workingwoman is no longer indifferent. She begins to support with her will — hardened by many trials — the great movement of revolt.

No effort had been made to organize the women of the proletariat until toward the end of 1920 the Socialist leaders gathered together women of the 'fourth class' — that is, working-women from the factories. It was chiefly girl students who had been disappointed in their first love-affairs — the motive of a good many feminine revolts against society — who responded to the appeal. In order not to put the police on their guard, these meetings took place under the guise of 'lectures.' Some months later, with the assistance of a society known as 'The Europe People,' a feminine association called 'The Red Scar' was formed under the presidency of Madame Yamakawa, the wife of the Communist leader. Although 'The Red Scar' may not enjoy the favor of certain parliamentary leaders as do the 'New Women,' it has at least a cohesion which does not exist in the society of bourgeois women, for it is made up of the feminine relatives of the Socialist leaders, and under the authority of Madame Yamakawa is like one big family.

Even these two societies and Madame Yosano's institute do not represent quite all of the Japanese feminism. There is another kind which, though without formulas and unorganized, is nevertheless effective. One can discern among the young girls and young women of the aristocracy and the upper

middle-class an inclination to a new spirit, a consciousness that the education assigned to women by tradition is out of date. That was an education designed to make them decorative creatures, pleasant toys for the amusement of men. One sees to-day a desire to emerge from the lower rank to which custom and the law assign them, in order to fulfill a rôle in modernized society useful to themselves, to their circle, and to society. Young girls, after they have finished the elementary or secondary schools, frequent institutions of a higher order — either the higher schools or schools for specialists. At Tokyo some go to an institution directed by Miss Tsuda, an educator who works on Anglo-Saxon lines, and also to the women's college directed by Mr. Nitobe with American assistants.

This instruction, public or private, although marking a degree of progress at the time when it was organized, no longer satisfies the women interested. Indeed, it represents a level that is low enough. As a result, a movement has begun in favor of the admission of women to the official universities. At first only the faculty of science at Sendai in the northeast was opened to women students, but in 1920 the Imperial University at Tokyo was authorized to admit women, and the decree was widened to include all the faculties. The free universities followed the example given by the Government.

One can only look with favor on a decision which brings into university circles a group of hard-working students, devoted to their study and eager for knowledge, who frequent public libraries with almost the same assiduity that they give to the universities. Private schools specializing in different kinds of education — in applied art, hygiene, cooking, and other household arts — employ increasing numbers of instructors and attract a constantly

growing number of students. Charitable societies and philanthropic work are supported by the passionate devotion of young girls and young women. It is a world of enthusiasm. To the rather mechanical activities of men they bring a fair and fresh quality in their work which will relieve the tension of the country. If we ask these newcomers the object of their efforts, they will reply — after a moment's effort to conquer that timidity given them by centuries of Confucian discipline — that they mean to prove by serious work their fitness for freedom and for useful endeavor.

But all these questions, which stir the young womanhood of the upper class, leave the more modest young girls of the petty bourgeoisie and of the people quite indifferent. The law of labor applies to them at an early age. Industry, commerce, a thousand social tasks employ all these hands and all these little minds which not long ago were busy in the household. There are more than a million office employees, more than fifty thousand teachers. Nurses and midwives are also numerous, and their work, in spite of the suffering it involves and the scantiness of the wages that it yields, is carried on with good humor, conscientiousness, and application.

In such circles as these there are few traces of feminism. It is true that

subjection to tradition is less and that husbands and wives better suited to one another make homes which are usually happy. If feminism were to take hold on this world of working-women, it would have to be the kind of feminism that is preached to the factory workers; but to their good fortune all these young girls of the offices and the stores find solace and forgetfulness in the diversions of modern life.

It is hard to say what the attitude of the Government is toward the women's problem. We have seen that the legislature has made one important concession in the abrogation of Article Five, but the power of the husband and the father remains intact, and women are scarcely willing to use the liberty that the law grants them. Only the 'New Women,' the enfranchised women, the professional feminists, will adhere to political parties, attend public meetings, and even speak. If the lawmakers were to seek a practical road, it would be in the way of judicial reform, and it would be the sections of the civil code relating to marriage that would first require action; but all this is far in the future. Most publicists think that the social order would be greatly disturbed if woman, more or less freed from the tutelage of her husband, were not drawn back again to her duties by a moral and religious law which is yet to be formulated.

THE EGOISTS

BY A. N. M.

From the *Manchester Guardian*, December 31
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

I HAD a high regard for Ulthwaite, though I had never been intimate with him. He was considerably my senior; indeed, he was an old man and he had given up his profession as a conveyancing solicitor. He told me that he might have kept on for a few more years if it had n't been for the dull rigidity of the diction. Either of his married daughters would have taken him in, but he did n't want to go south, and he liked independence. So he set up his modest establishment of two or three rooms within hail of Manchester, which still had interests for him. He came to see us sometimes and talked bookishness. When I went to see him I handled or gazed at his exquisite possessions. His room was a little too fine, too choice for me, or so, in my half-serious confessions of coarseness, of bluntness, I would pretend.

Yes, I liked him very much, and though the fine edge of his courtesy was never blurred I was afraid of blundering into cordiality. It seemed that if you were hearty with him he didn't return heartiness but earnestness. Yet he responded eagerly, and I think he feared, sometimes, that you might find him cold. Of course he was critical, and he was even capable of sharp asperities of judgment.

I had n't his confidence, and I suppose we were too timid of one another. There are men that you can't clap on the back, but I suppose that timidities and compunctions lose us a good deal. We got on well in our talk about contemporary literature — I could n't fol-

low him into classical — and once I asked him whether he had done anything himself. He shrugged it away with 'I suppose everyone has had a try,' but he changed the subject more abruptly than his usual standard of courtesy would have permitted.

He was charming, and when Algernon brought home his Oxford friend, David Wythop, for a week or so of the vacation, that too was the word that Isabel and I agreed was the younger man's due. He was, it appeared, a poet; he was fresh, keen, spontaneous; we applauded Algernon's choice of a friend. It was Isabel who said, 'I should like to see David and Mr. Ulthwaite together.'

So Algernon was dispatched with an invitation to Mr. Ulthwaite, who preferred to come to tea, and indeed he had said that his dining-days were over. So we watched the two charmers together, and, to our gratification, the experiment was immediately successful. They took to one another quite remarkably; it was like love at first sight. I think that both Algernon and I were touched by a mild and not ill-tempered jealousy; we did n't succeed like that; we were heavy, worthy people. We did our best to keep up, and Isabel effected a kind of liaison between us and them. I don't know that they said anything memorable to one another, but it was delightful to see young and old so beautifully in unison. Wythop had fancied himself an iconoclast, Ulthwaite had a firm hold on tradition, yet they agreed

almost too well; it seemed that they could n't bear to differ. I remarked on this to Isabel, and she said, 'I wonder how deep it goes.'

David went to see Mr. Ulthwaite; they went walks together; they seemed infatuated with one another. Algernon was a little disconcerted at the appropriation of his friend, but he ranged himself with me in benevolent admiration. We were philosophic, if slightly wistful, about the spiritual mating of the sadness of age with the sweet ardency of youth. It occurred to David sometimes to be apologetic, but he did n't falter in the pursuit of this rare interest. And one day he came back to us in high excitement.

'He's a poet,' he cried. 'I knew he was that potentially, but he's written verse nearly all his life. He showed me some, and it's astonishing. I'm a discoverer. I'm like stout Cortez — or is it the other bloke? — when a new planet swims into his ken. I've never had such an experience. Forgive me. Why did n't he tell you? Why did n't he publish? He's the most secretive old fellow. He told me, and then I think he regretted it. He's Victorian, of course, but surprisingly modern; he's never lost hold. Lyrics mainly. One of his sonnets — on the view of Manchester from Kersal Moor — is as good as Wordsworth's on the bridge at midnight — no, no; I mean morning — Westminster; you know. I suppose I'm talking like a fool. But this must be — well — exploited. We'll have a selection out first. What a world it is! What hidden riches! Think of that old chap! Is n't he a dear?'

And so on. Algernon suggested maliciously that publication might be like turning over a secluded valley to trippers, but David's stream was far too much in spate to be checked by such a snag as this. At lunch he talked freely about the new poet. He

was to return to his investigations that afternoon.

It was two or three days later that Ulthwaite came to me in some distress. He began by saying that he was afraid I should think him unfriendly in never telling me anything about those verses. He had never intended publication — not seriously; they had been a secret consolation, a refuge. He said that he had thought of confiding in me, but the habit of a life had been too strong; he had never shown them to a soul.

'I'm a queer fellow,' he said. 'I can't justify myself. It's a kind of deep-seated egoism. I've been lonely and I've made a cult of loneliness. And yet I like people. I've been so glad to have had your — to have been so friendly with you and your wife — and Algernon too. But you see how stingy I am with my friends. And then this boy comes and, I don't know why, — I can't account for it, I can't understand it, — I open out to him. I tell him everything. I bring out these things — these verses — and I'm in the seventh heaven of delight when he appreciates them like that. Of course he overdoes it; they can't be so good; but it was all so exciting to me and I had the kind of ecstasy that I thought was all past. Nay, I've never had it before — and now —'

'But, Ulthwaite,' I said, 'it's all natural and it's beautiful. David charms us all; but you and he together — why, my dear man, we aimed at something like this when we asked you to meet him. We're proud and delighted that it's come off, and so far beyond our expectation. David is quite cock-a-hoop about it; you've given him the keenest pleasure. He's determined to have you published and we're all looking forward to that. It's going to be a great event.'

Ulthwaite raised his hand in protest.

'That's it!' he cried. 'I can't bear it. I can't bear the idea of it. Publication! Publicity! Advertisement! I hate it all. I was carried away by his enthusiasm. And now I dread his disappointment. He will be disappointed. I don't know what to do. I'm miserable about it. I cannot, I will not do it.'

I said that we should all be disappointed, but that, certainly, he must please himself; that David would soon get over it. But when he had gone David burst upon me. He had made up his mind. He had 'practically' got a publisher. He would get out that volume of selections first and write an introduction — unless — perhaps I would like to do that. Anyhow, he hoped I would review it, give it a great send-off. I was bound to like the stuff.

And then I broke it to him that Ulthwaite was in distress, that he did n't want it at all, that publicity would be dreadful to him. Poor David was considerably dashed. He said: 'But I've been over all that with him.' He went off to see him again, and when he returned I asked how he had got on. 'Oh, it'll be all right,' he said. 'He just wants managing a bit.' He began to talk about the format of the volume, its price, the length and the points of his introduction, the strings he could work to get it noticed. I was n't easy

about it; obviously he was thinking more of himself than of Ulthwaite.

Ulthwaite came in the next morning, and he looked anxiously about the room as he entered. He was greatly agitated. 'I don't know what you'll think of me,' he said. 'I am afraid to meet him, but I must get it over. Where is he?'

I said he was somewhere about and that I would call him. 'A moment,' he said. 'Let me tell you' — but then David and Algernon came in. They stared at Ulthwaite, whose bearing could n't be mistaken for that of a casual visitor. He said to me in a low, strained voice, 'I've burned them.'

'Burned — what?' I faltered.

He looked at David. 'All my poems. I got up in the night. I had to make a fire. It took hours. They don't exist.'

Then David and he faced one another. He was terribly rigid. David was amazed, incredulous, despairing.

'But you have no right,' cried David, 'no right —'

'I have the right to order my life as I please,' he said.

He left us. David did n't say another word. I thought he would have gone to Ulthwaite to condole, propitiate, to try in some way to bridge their awful difference. But he left us the next day, and it was Algernon and I who attempted that hopeless task.

THE REVOLUTION IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

BY L. LAVANCHY

From *La Semaine Littéraire*, January 5 and 12
(GENEVA LITERARY WEEKLY)

FRENCH literature is changing to-day — though the process began earlier — with extraordinary swiftness, and a revolution has taken place while we have scarcely had the time to realize it. Where once accepted genres flourished for long periods, — the lily of tragedy bloomed on the French stage for almost two centuries before it perished, — to-day, quite the reverse, as the result of one scarcely knows what sudden alteration, literary works of every sort appear, to which, though at first they may seem unacceptable and of doubtful value, we end by becoming accustomed.

Some of these remain, while others gently vanish; but it seems exceedingly probable that henceforward modernism is to conquer the great cultivated public, especially in our own French-speaking Switzerland, which is more concerned than it once was to keep up with the times. Newspapers and magazines are opening their columns to *les jeunes* — let readers stand prepared to give them a fair hearing. Two literary styles of different sorts stand face to face in an atmosphere which, though it may be peaceful, is extremely uncertain. The revolution that has come about in the few years that lie between the literary work of Édouard Rod and C. F. Ramuz is a revolution comparable to that which our great-great-grandfathers saw break out in the romantic period just a century ago and triumph little by little, without great struggles, through its own impulsive strength and the favor of circumstances. Its excesses scarcely disturb us any longer. The

writers have grown wiser, the public has become used to them, and soon the most modern work will appear to have been classic from its birth. No doubt to-day we are too close to understand the form and the direction of this contemporary revolution in literature with complete exactness, but it is stirring about us with so much vigor that we must know at least whence it comes and whither it leads us. In full career toward new adventure, let us try to orient ourselves.

Where were we yesterday, then, and where were we day before yesterday?

About twelve years ago — it was in January 1911 — appeared a book which attained a certain popular success and in which the author, M. Victor Giraud, now of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, proclaimed the 'Masters of the Present Hour.' In this category he included eight writers who were supposed to give a local habitation and a name to the soul of a whole generation of Frenchmen — the generation of 1870. The others whom he studied, all born about 1850, had written for the still younger generation which immediately followed them.

Artists often work for the younger generation and the younger generation often repays them with glory — until the day when it disowns them. But M. Victor Giraud is not one of those who disown their idols. With the agreeable solemnity of a college professor he paid his debt to his elders conscientiously. Chapter by chapter he arrayed the several achievements of his eight great

men, and to conclude summed up and took a spiritual balance-sheet of his generation.

Like a bouillon cube — rather tasteless but easily digested — this book describes the literary fodder whereon the educated France of those days found nutriment. Yet it is an incomplete book, solely concerned with writers of recognized achievements. It does not include a single poet, although Henri de Régnier and Verhaeren were then at the height of their power. It ignores symbolism — though it must be admitted that the movement was at that time dying out. It neglects André Gide, who had long passed his novitiate. It scarcely mentions Maurice Barrès, who nevertheless had just completed the most characteristic portion of his curve. True, in a later edition Victor Giraud has quite recently promoted him to the glorious list, but in his eyes twelve years ago Barrès scarcely existed. Neither did Charles Péguy nor Francis Jammes nor Paul Claudel. For all these writers — whatever they and others like them may have since become — were not at that time masters of the hour. Their voices, to-day uplifted in imperious though variant fashion, then sounded only before limited and scattered audiences, jealous lest they share their feelings with the world. They remained unknown — and not unknown to the great public only; literary and fashionable people knew them only by their freaks and whimsicalities. The eight names carried on Giraud's pontifical list alone were recognized: Pierre Loti, Ferdinand Brunetière, Émile Faguet, Eugène de Vogüé, Paul Bourget, Jules Lemaître, Édouard Rod, and Anatole France.

Let us eliminate the names of the two writers who have been forgotten: de Vogüé and also, unfortunately, our own Swiss writer, Édouard Rod. We must confine ourselves to the six re-

maining, whom we must in good faith hail — I appeal to the memories of the reading public of their time — as the leaders of the literary symphony which delighted a whole epoch and whose essential thèmes we may hastily review. We need not hesitate to give a name to the cult of which these six were high priests and of which we readers ourselves were recently devotees, although now we begin to fall away a little. It was the cult of critical intelligence. All these writers, except perhaps Pierre Loti, were cultivated men whose culture, whether it was historical, philosophic, or literary, was extraordinarily extensive. All six writers were possessed — let Agathon supply the word — 'by the love of high intellectual contemplation and the fair feasts of the soul.' Three of them were nothing but critics, and except for Loti the others also indulged in criticism in odd moments. Thinkers, moralists, psychologists, they turned upon the life of every age the glance of men who really knew something. They regarded life as a group of 'problems' for which they delighted to supply a solution. They aired the social 'question,' preached the ideology either of the school of Ibsen or Tolstoi, and decided the terms on which science must antagonize religion.

There were few artists among them. There was no poet except Loti, for though he never wrote a single verse this anæmic descendant of Chateaubriand had at least been alive; he had traveled over the world carrying his disenchantment into the exotic and ruined landscapes of primitive or ancient civilizations. But all the others confined themselves to the refined play of the intellect, dealing in turn with morals, with æsthetics, with politics, and with religions.

The last two 'masters' of the hour of twelve years ago are still alive. Paul Bourget, who became a disciple of

Catholic reaction and brought back the novel with a 'purpose,' has confined himself to the psychological analysis of worldly love. Yet is he not at bottom like the others, for will not his best work eventually be found in his criticism, the *Essais* with which he began?

As for Anatole France, the most representative of the group, and I believe the greatest, he undeniably is a pure artist; and yet, what is the perfume that all his books exhale if not a perpetual delight in thought? We enjoy thought for its own sake rather than the mere spectacle of men and things, regarding thought itself as the most precious of pleasures. In itself alone this work sums up marvelously the literature of yesterday. The literary landscape of the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century includes, no doubt, the melancholy and always exact mirroring of the islands of the sea or Japan that we find in Loti's novels, the psychological laboratory of Paul Bourget, also his political and religious tribune, the professorial chairs of Lemaître, Brunetière, and Faguet; but most of all it is the study of M. Bergeret, crammed with books, in which a skeptic with a smile on his lips tells the story of the most diverse humanities.

They regard life like mandarins, prodigiously learned but indifferent. Their imagination is cold, the springs of poetry are blocked, the burdened mind kindles no more save for those extracts from reality known as ideas. One does not ask such writers for incitements to action; one asks them rather for pretexts to think. These writers offer us 'clear books, well-written literature.' The style, elegant and oratorical, original to a degree, in some (Brunetière) recalls the grand style of Bossuet and in others (J. Lemaître and Anatole France) the lively pace of Voltaire. The ironic

star of Renan, still gleaming, contributes a few reflections.

This was the style of yesterday; is it the style of to-morrow? The literature of yesterday survives, no doubt, for it is too French ever to die, and it suits too exactly the tastes of a people who like nothing so much as ideas, and who like them clear. Yesterday's literature still has representatives of both first and second rank, still has magazines of its own, and still has a public. Yet in spite of all this we must recognize that already it is pretty well out of date and that something new is, little by little, replacing it. The writers whom Victor Giraud neglected twelve years ago are in the saddle now. Twelve years ago they were still *les jeunes*, drunk with the music and poetry of symbolistic *cénacles*, expressing themselves in works which were powerful but which found no echoes. Then came the war with its hurly-burly of heroisms and wretchedness. Books appeared in storms — works of occasion. Many of these young men, however, were in the firing line.

The moment peace was reestablished the picture was changed. The literature of yesterday lost its prestige and in a twinkling modernism won the public for itself. Thanks to sundry publishing houses, to various literary prizes, and the pullulation of magazines, an almost instantaneous revolution took place in literature. Thenceforward *les jeunes* forced their way even into the newspapers.

So we must be ready to face literary work of a new kind, to familiarize ourselves with the most apocalyptic of the poets and the most incomprehensible of the psychologists. We must surmount our repugnances as well as our doubts. Eager though we may be to slumber over an aging tradition; let us nevertheless endeavor to discern

whither modern art is going, even though we may not accompany its course toward the mysterious future. And, admitting that we can determine neither the speed nor the direction of the movement, and that a summary at the present time is necessarily arbitrary, let us nevertheless endeavor to make out its inner nature, although without investigating the origin and formation of modern literature, or the influences which it has undergone, or the multitudinous reasons why it is what it is. Let us first of all, though in a tentative way, note its obvious relationship to the most representative modern philosophy — Bergson's.

Despite the difference of their languages and the infrequency of their contact, artists and philosophers sometimes express a similar human reality. Occasionally the artists even take their inspiration directly from the philosophers. One might note for example the sociological origin of Unanimism, whose leader, Jules Romains, was the pupil of Durkheim; and we may also recognize Freud in that mania for the unconscious and for sex which disturbs the contemporary novel. But the thought of Bergson has a more widely diffused effect. Indeed, it frequently seems to be suspiciously regarded by professional philosophers, who see in it an undertaking which is primarily æsthetic and especially suited to the use of artists. That is why we turn to Bergson for light in order to illuminate what lies beneath the literary work of the present day. The professional thinker, alert to describe and depict the mind of to-day, will be an aid in understanding it, wrapped as it sometimes is in curiously enigmatic fashion by the artifices of the writers.

In the very beginning Bergson was a revolutionary figure, for he overthrew the régime of Taine and Renan. He shattered the omnipotence of science,

the tendency to explain everything in terms of logic by laws which were either already discovered or at least discoverable. But he made science an integral part of a vaster spiritual realm, and though he passes for an 'anti-intellectualist,' though he dethrones intelligence, this merely means that he no longer entrusts it with the leading rôle in the drama of thought.

Though he may not see in intelligence, as has been said, a mere machine for manipulating formulas, which ensures the 'bureaucratic functioning of the mind,' he does at least consider it as a machine that is principal rather than essential. He regards it as a mechanism 'organized for practical action, strong only in speech, suited only to understand the discontinuous, the inert, that which neither changes nor endures' — brought to a halt when it confronts life itself.

We must go beyond matter to life itself. It is '*l'élan vital*' which Bergson urges us to watch rising and falling, making and unmaking itself, in its rhythm, bursting forth and drawing back again. Let us return to instinct, to preserve ourselves from automatism. Let us try to keep ourselves in the creative flux. Let us dissolve 'in the joy of becoming.' Let us share in the bursting-forth of things, 'creating' in our own turn the forms which we perceive as well as the ideas that we derive from them and the words with which we express them. Let us incorporate ourselves with time — not, however, with the measurable time of the astronomers, but with that 'duration' which is the very basis of our being, in that 'evolution of moments, every one of which retains the resonance of those that have preceded and announces those that are to follow — a melody in which, however diverse they may be, we hear all the notes together.' And since intelligence is all too ready

to limit itself to analysis, since it loves to work only with results and to think only in concepts or images, let us amplify the curve of thought. . . .

Such is the lesson of the contemporary philosopher. Bergson urges us to feel and to imagine rather than to understand. He turns us aside from the fruitless pleasures of the critical spirit to initiate us into the mysteries of creative life. After him, with his own sure strokes, most of the writers of to-day draw us on to 'the internal rhythm of things.' Like him they relegate intelligence to a secondary rôle. . . .

Who among intellectual workers could find such an instrument more useful than the artists? Their allegiance is for him alone, and they are so eager to have at least the appearance of yielding sole homage to him that this single fact in itself sometimes explains their obscurity. Rational thought and logical construction seem to them the movements of automata. André Gide lauds the process of 'dis-instruction.' He boasts of having spent three years traveling 'to forget what he learned with his head.' He declares suddenly, 'All knowledge not preceded by sensation is useless.' And he no longer nourishes his artistic life upon an 'earthly diet.'

In one way or another, however,

all celebrate the cult of life. 'To make each individual love his life, enter more deeply into it, and increase it,' says Georges Duhamel, 'is a destiny which no poet can contemplate without happiness.' And then, turning toward the reader, he goes on, 'It is for you also to listen more closely, to contemplate yourself.'

Life in all its tumult and all its consolation is here the immense and confusing motive of contemporary art, of literature, of a life which bathes itself in pure duration. Did not Marcel Proust — in other respects anything but a Bergsonian — dedicate his work '*à la recherche du temps perdu*'? Does not Paul Claudel assure us that a single minute may contain a whole eternity of minutes? And how many other less famous writers there are to whom it seems that everything occurs at once and that time is 'suspended' between the beginning and the end of things.

None of them perhaps has ever read Bergson, but how many of them seem to have breathed the emanations of his ideas which permeate the atmosphere on every hand! Paul Claudel in his *Nourritures terrestres*, Jules Romains in his *Vie unanime*, Georges Duhamel in his *Possession du monde*, do they not often seem to be the theologians, or the preachers, or the prophets of a religion which at bottom is Bergsonian?

SHAKESPEARE'S LOST CHARACTERS

BY W. J. LAWRENCE

[*Mr. Lawrence is a Dublin critic, the author of two volumes of brilliant studies on special aspects of the Elizabethan playhouse, and one of the ablest modern students of the Shakespearean stage.*]

From the *Dublin Magazine*, February
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

UTOPIA is a contradiction in terms, so remote are the chances of human perfectibility. People sometimes think they could have attained greater happiness had they lived in an earlier age, since far-off hills are green, but, if the miracle could be brought about and their longings were gratified, they would find, much to their discomfiture, that they had only changed the pain. There were many drawbacks and imperfections in the Augustan age of English literature, and to one vicious habit on the part of the Elizabethan players is due a serious loss to the world's dramatic heritage.

Burbage, Alleyn, and their class were the true archetypes of that audacious latter-day sapper to whom nothing was sacred. They inspired the moulding of golden idols only to mar their beauty by disfiguring them after a time with feet of clay. In other words, they kept the living drama in a perpetual state of flux and seldom allowed even a masterpiece to solidify. To let well alone was a wholly repugnant principle. Whether or not it called for amendment—and the mere fact of survival argues against the necessity—a play about to be reintroduced to the notice of the public after lying a lustrium or so on the shelf was commonly placed in the hands of some more or less expert theatrical cobbler for alteration and repairs. The original author

may or may not have been living at the time, but it would appear that the players got out of the habit of employing him on the job owing to his sensible protestations about good work being spoiled. And the unfortunate part of the affair was that they were in a position to ignore his wishes, since, once he had made his market and got his money, he had no further control over the creations of his brain.

What happened to the unfortunate piece when it fell into the remorseless hands of the play-patcher depended largely on the circumstances of the moment. Sometimes it was adjudged too long, sometimes too short: it might possibly present a profusion of minor characters such as, even with 'doubling,'—and 'doubling' then was a regular theatrical practice,—would prove beyond the capabilities of the company. Now and again sheer caprice held sway, and all sorts of mysterious things happened. Occasionally the play was given an entirely different ending. With the cutting and slashing and piecing, minor characters frequently disappeared, though not always without leaving some faint trace of their former existence.

It was not the practice of the Elizabethan age for publication to follow immediately after production, and the curse of the prevailing mania for revision was that many an original manu-

script of a sterling play disappeared for good before the play reached the printer's hands. That is the secret of most of the imperfections and inconsistencies in Shakespeare. Several of his plays have come down to us in their ultimate — and, therefore, painfully sophisticated — form. Not that the master did not indulge in some revision of his own work in the earlier days of his creative activity. Nor is it for us to complain on that score: the father is entitled to correct his child. But the tinkering at Shakespeare's texts which took place in the years immediately following his retirement to Stratford — that is a different pair of shoes.

Here and there we find traces in the works of the Supreme Dramatist of minor characters which for a brief hour fretted and strutted on the boards and then were heard no more. Perchance this slaughter of the innocents was greater than can now be estimated; it was the business of the reviser to cover up his tracks, and he generally knew his business. Now and again, however, in working on the old prompt-book he would, by some oversight, omit to delete or alter a criminatory textual allusion or a less criminatory stage-direction. (The latter, of course, told the audience nothing: its revelations were for posterity.) Whenever we find a named character coming on with others and failing to break silence, especially a named character which does not otherwise take part in the play, and whenever we find characters familiarly referred to and never putting in an appearance, in such cases we may rest pretty certain that the pruning knife has been vigorously wielded.

Revision of *The Taming of a Shrew* by a second hand is proved by an ugly oversight. Amid the hurly-burly of his noisy, carefully stage-managed home-coming, Petruchio sends for 'his

cousin Ferdinand,' explaining in an aside to his wearied lady that he is 'one, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.' But, whatever happened in the beginning, the poor shrew in her later stage-life never got that kiss. Ferdinand not only fails to materialize, but sends no apology for his remissness. We are left to surmise that he had gone off in spontaneous combustion while Petruchio was engaged on his unconventional wooing.

So, too, in that much-altered play, *The Tempest*, we learn that Antonio's son was in the assailed vessel, and must, of course, have landed with the others, seeing that Prospero, after giving them the fright of their lives, took care that nobody should be injured by the storm. Yet, wonderful to say, we see nothing of him.

Less accusative, though equally revealing to those able to read the portents, is the evidence to be found scattered here and there in disregarded stage directions. The fact that in *Troilus and Cressida* Antenor comes on on three occasions without condescending to open his mouth is fairly good proof that, whatever his earlier office, in the later version of the play he had absolutely no place. To admit as much, however, is also to concede that Pandarus's description of him in the first act must also have gone by the board: otherwise we have the absurdity of a character being distinguished as 'a shrewd wit' and demonstrating that quality by his silence. If Antenor really remained, he must have been the enviable possessor of a most sagacious nod, and as such formed the prototype of Burleigh in *The Critic*. But one has the uneasy suspicion that with the quenching of his sparks of wit the world has lost the purge that that 'shrewd fellow,' Shakespeare, gave to Ben Jonson and made him 'bewray his credit.'

When *Much Ado about Nothing* was first presented, Hero had a visible mother whose name was Innogen, but the poor lady was fated to have but a short career. The curious will seek in vain in modern editions of the play for any trace of her, but in the first quarto there are clear indications of her transitory course. At the beginning of the first act, and again at the beginning of the second, she comes on with the other characters, only on both occasions to remain as mute as an oyster. Which means that already, in 1600, she ranked among the things that Time crams ruthlessly into his wallet.

Shakespeare, doubtless, got the name Innogen from the old play of *Lochrine*, in which it is borne by Brutus's wife, one of those exasperating people who are much talked of in plays and who disappoint expectation by never putting in an appearance. Evidently the word had for him some of the abiding charm which Mesopotamia had for the pious old lady, for, when forced by hard circumstance to consign Hero's mother to an early grave, he treasured it in his memory, and, when he came to write *Cymbeline*, bestowed it on that gracious lady of royal descent who 'chose an eagle and did avoid a puttock.' The proof of this is that Simon Forman, the astrologer, in describing the play in his diary after seeing one of its early performances, speaks of the much-tried heroine as 'Innogen.' How the slight alteration came subsequently to be made in the name, whether by accident or design, must remain a problem. For once the printer must be given the benefit of the doubt. Though the players of Shakespeare's day were not at all given to the distinctively latter-day vice of mumbling, and spoke

with a round mouth, one should be disposed to think that Forman's ears had deceived him were it not for the circumstance that an analogous transfer is to be found in the poet's works.

In *All's Well That Ends Well* there was originally a character called Violenta, which, under subsequent revision of the text, disappeared from the play. A modest tombstone to her memory will be found in the opening direction of Act III, Scene 5. But, rising superior to the theosophists of the present hour, who are capable only of preaching reincarnation, Shakespeare practised it. Violenta eventually had rebirth in *Twelfth Night*, only, however, to become known to fame as Viola. Why some ungallant reviser should have shorn her so callously of a syllable is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary would say, 'no fellow can understand.' What we do know is that the miscreant left his muddy footprints behind him. He forgot to erase the 'Enter Violenta,' which stares at us from Act I, Scene 5, of the Folio, our only authority, as ill luck would have it, for the text.

There are other curious traces of his tinkering. In Shakespeare's day, when programmes, like the child-souls in *The Blue Bird*, were waiting for their summons into the world, it was essential for the proper understanding of the play that a character on first coming on should either name himself — as we find Security doing in *Eastward Ho* — or be addressed by his full style and title by another. Yet in *Twelfth Night*, as we have it, Viola remains in the ranks of the anonymous — or perhaps one should say of the pseudonymous — almost to the end of the comedy.

LITERARY UMBRELLAS

BY PENGUIN

From the *Observer*, February 10
(LONDON MODERATE SUNDAY PAPER)

A MAN who has lately lost three umbrellas in rapid succession in fact — the weather remaining uniformly fine — may, perhaps, be excused for allowing his thoughts to turn to umbrellas in fiction. Why should the possession of an umbrella, the prerogative of royalty among some Eastern nations, be regarded as ludicrous by so many novelists and playwrights? Even Robinson Crusoe, who can hardly be denied to have lived the simple life, felt the need of one, and this is his description of the first umbrella in English fiction: —

After this I spent a great deal of Time and Pains to make me an Umbrella; I was indeed in great want of one, and had a great mind to make one. . . . I took a world of Pains at it, and was a great while before I could make anything likely to hold; nay, after I thought I had hit the Way, I spoil'd 2 or 3 before I made one to my Mind; but at last I made one that answer'd indifferently well: The main difficulty I found was to make it to let down. I could make it to spread, but if it did not let down too, and draw in, it was not portable for me any Way but just over my Head, which would not do. However, at last, as I said, I made one to answer and cover'd it with Skins, the Hair upwards, so that it cast off the rains like a Penthouse.

In spite of the lead given by Robinson Crusoe, and so well supported by Jonas Hanway, — he was, you will remember, the first man who had the courage to carry one in London, — an absurd prejudice against umbrellas persisted for a couple of hundred years. In Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, published in 1853, there is evidence of this: —

I can testify to a magnificent family red-silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red-silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it 'a stick in petticoats.' It might have been the very red-silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor lady — the survivor of all — could scarcely carry it.

Clara Middleton, in Meredith's *Egoist*, carried 'a gray-silk parasol, traced at the borders with green creepers,' — a parasol is at least cousin to an umbrella, — on the morning that she hurt Sir Willoughby Patterne's feelings by 'walking on the high road without companion or attendant.' A little later, when she ran away in the rain from Patterne Hall, she needed an umbrella more than a parasol, and, though 'men bearing umbrellas, shawls, and cloaks were dispatched on a circuit of the park' as soon as her absence was discovered, she was thoroughly soaked when Vernon Whitford, who was also without an umbrella, overtook her. Fanny Price, in Miss Austen's *Mansfield Park*, had better luck in a shower — Mr. Hugh Thomson has done a charming picture of the incident: —

Fanny, having been sent into the village on some errand by her aunt Norris, was overtaken by a heavy shower close to the Parsonage, and being descried from one of the windows endeavoring to find shelter under the branches and lingering leaves of an oak just beyond their premises, was

forced, though not without some modest reluctance on her part, to come in. A civil servant she had withstood; but when Dr. Grant himself went out with an umbrella there was nothing to be done but to be very much ashamed and to get into the house as fast as possible.

Hurree Babu in Mr. Kipling's *Kim* carried 'a blue and white umbrella,' and made it serve a useful purpose during his encounter with the Russian agents who were posing as sportsmen. 'You see, Mr. O'Hara,' he said to Kim, 'I do not know what the deuce-an'-all I shall do when I find our sporting friends; but if you will kindly keep within sight of my umbrella, which is a fine fixed point for cadastral survey, I feel much better.' Kim kept a watch for the striped umbrella, and he and the lama joined Hurree Babu and the Russians a couple of days later. Less conspicuous than this umbrella to which Hurree Babu clung so tenaciously, though notable in its own way, was the umbrella carried by the old lady in Meredith's *Evan Harrington* with whom Jack Raikes conversed outside the doors of St. Paul's.

Dickens's umbrellas are often fully described, and they are usually appropriate to their owners. In *Pickwick* alone we have a choice of several. Mr. Stiggins possessed 'a faded green umbrella, with plenty of whalebone sticking through the bottom, as if to counter-balance the want of a handle at the top.' Mrs. Bardell's was 'an extra-sized umbrella,' and evidently accompanied its owner on all ceremonial occasions, for it was handed in solemnly by Mr. Dodson when Mrs. Bardell took her seat in court to make her claim for breach of promise against Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Dodson's partner, Mr. Fogg, habitually carried an umbrella, though we are not told what it was like. Perhaps it was similar to those found in sequestered nooks of the Temple, where 'innum-

able rolls of parchment send forth an agreeable odor, which is mingled by day with the scent of the dry-rot, and by night with the various exhalations which arise from damp cloaks, festering umbrellas, and the coarsest tallow candles.'

But *the* umbrella in fiction belonged to, or was at least associated with, Mrs. Gamp. It was 'a species of gig umbrella, in color like a faded leaf, except where a circular patch of lively blue had been dexterously let in at the top,' and it caused its owner some trouble. When she traveled by coach it was in the habit of thrusting out 'its battered brass nozzle from improper crevices and chinks,' and Mrs. Gamp 'so often moved it, in the course of five minutes, that it seemed not one umbrella but fifty.' Tom Pinch had reason to remember Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, for as he and Ruth were watching the departure of the Antwerp packet-boat he came into close contact with it: —

This tremendous instrument had a hooked handle, and its vicinity was first made known to him by a painful pressure on the windpipe, consequent on its having caught him round the throat. Soon after disengaging himself with perfect good humor, he had a sensation of the ferrule in his back, immediately afterwards of the hook entangling his ankles, then of the umbrella generally wandering about his hat and flapping at it like a great bird, and lastly of a poke or thrust below the ribs, which gave such exceeding anguish that he could not refrain from turning round to offer a mild remonstrance.

This formidable instrument was highly prized by its owner. We are told that, within her apartment in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, 'Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, as something of great price and rarity, was displayed with particular ostentation,' and formed one of the decorations of the chimney piece and adjacent wall.

A PAGE OF VERSE

WISDOM

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

[*Observer*]

Now in the days of loving and wooing,
Your girl eluding, your boy pursuing
(I am remembering my own days),
Sweet the time of wooing and wedding,
But hist! the wings of Time ever speeding
(I am remembering my own days).

She shall feast her fill of his praises,
The kiss on her hair and the lover's gazes
(I am remembering my own days).
He shall attain his hour of possessing,
But all too brief is the lover's leasing
(I am remembering my own days).

Say to your girl the sands are running,
Tell her this of old wisdom and cunning.
(I am remembering my own days),
That not one hour of her bliss be wasted,
No kiss ungiven, no joy untasted
(I am remembering my own days).

Tell your boy 't is his hour of plenty,
Only once is he golden and twenty
(I am remembering my own days).
Bid him build, since beyond recover
Fleet the days of the loved and lover
(I am remembering my own days).

Tell them yet they shall sit and ponder
Dear delights of the lost land yonder
(I am remembering my own days).
Worlds and Time and gray Death yet threaten
The flying Youth and the head rose-wreathen.
(I am remembering my own days.)

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN PLAYS

THE German playwright Ernst Toller, who is still in prison because of his share in the Communist *Putsch* in Bavaria, finds himself in fresh difficulties over his new play, *Hinkermann*. It is characteristic of the chaotic state of affairs in modern Germany that while Toller languishes in the prison of one German state his play is being produced at the state theatre in another. Dresden was the scene of what is said to have been the most violent theatrical uproar since Schnitzler's *Reigen* was produced in Berlin several years ago.

Toller has been the object of Nationalist animosity, especially among students, and the disturbances began during the first act of his play. The audience was cleft in twain, one faction protesting in the name of outraged youth and equally outraged morality, the other clamoring that the play must be heard to the end. Several members of the audience exploded gas bombs and one playgoer died of heart failure. Honest Dresden burghers are sternly demanding an explanation from the director who ventured to stage such a production in the theatre maintained from public funds.

In Vienna a mild sensation was caused by a new three-act play, *The Red Mill*, from the pen of Franz Molnar, author of *Liliom*. Part of the scene is laid in Hell, and the audience received unexpected — but let us trust not premonitory — thrills from the entrance of Satan and his court, Reinhardt fashion, through the theatre itself. 'The Red Mill,' from which the play takes its name, is a new invention which has been submitted for Mephis-

tophelean approval, being guaranteed to corrupt the most virtuous man of the most exalted character within a quarter of an hour at most. Women are excluded from experiment, for the cynical owner of the mill believes they are quite bad enough without his ministrations.

Most of the first act is consumed in a vain effort to find a really good man, — the soul of Diogenes must look on, chortling, from the wings, — but a hero of sufficiently exemplary character is at length run to earth and submits to experiment. The efficacy of the red mill is amply demonstrated. The highly moral hero becomes a villain of the very darkest description. The indicator attached to the mechanism heralds each new lapse from virtue with a shrill peal from a peculiarly vicious bell. The victim's deserted wife strives in vain to win her husband back, and ecstasy reigns in the front row, where the Devil and his disciples have taken their seats to watch the experiment.

But no machinery is ever quite perfect. After the experiment, its wretched subject actually forgives those who have wrought his downfall, and, having failed to exterminate simple kindness from the human soul, the whole mechanism breaks down, permitting the victim to emerge unscathed in the end. In the last scene it is even hinted that the whole thing is nothing but a bad dream, and the front row, as might be expected, is extremely depressed.

The stage pictures are by Remigius Geyling, who — in the huge flight of red steps which lead from the orches-

tra up to the stage — has apparently borrowed an idea from Leopold Jessner's famous setting for *Richard III*.

Vienna has also had its usual crop of operettas, among which *The Sweet Cavalier* by Leo Fall, at the Apollo Theatre, has been especially successful. At the Burger Theatre, Agri, by Ernst Steffan, is sufficiently exotic to draw the public because the music is based on Arab motives.

A jubilee is in prospect for Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who has just reached the age of fifty. Although he has had a distinguished career on the German and Austrian stage, he is best known in America as the dramatist from whom Strauss took the libretto for *Der Rosenkavalier* and other operas. Strauss is now working on an opera to be based on Hofmannsthal's *Cleopatra*.

✱

MR. KIPLING INVENTS STREET NAMES

RUDYARD KIPLING has been entrusted with the task of selecting names for the streets of the British Empire Exhibition which opens at Wembley this year. Devising names is never quite so easy as it sounds, and the promoters of the Exhibition display a very proper — and very British — unwillingness to descend to the American ignominy of numbering their streets. In fact, the only way to have a street properly named is either to give the national spirit a chance to work through a couple of centuries or else to hand the job over to a genius. Not having the centuries to spare, the directors of the Exhibition picked out the most available genius.

The choice of Mr. Kipling, who has spent his life as the doughty pamphleteer of the Empire, could hardly be bettered. He has not confined himself to such common appellations as 'road,' 'street,' and 'avenue,' though all these

occur. The visitor to the Exhibition will tread the pavements of King's Way and will doubtless want to stroll down Drake's Way and Dominion Way. He will certainly find it interesting to visit Pacific Slope, and if he is not allured by the Fairway of the Five Nations there is really no hope for him. He had better stay at home and not visit the Exhibition at all.

While Mr. Kipling is in the public prints to this extent, an English newspaper has amused itself by resurrecting the first stanza of a satirical ditty that was composed in the days when the rate of a shilling a word, which Mr. Kipling was the first to claim, was thought extraordinary pay for a literary man: —

My name is R. Kipling, since I was a stripling,

My trade has been stippling in Indian ink;

From Hongkong to Peshawar, from Leeds to Etawah,

I've traveled for copy and found it, I think.

Of death and its quickness, or riot and sickness,

With accurate slickness I've squeezed out the curd;

Of men-beasts and beast-men, north, south, west, and east men,

I'm ready to write at a shilling a word,

Shilling a word;

Damn, it's absurd;

Dirt cheap at the money, a shilling a word!

Query: Does the Poet of Empire get a shilling a word for his street names, or is he better paid, or is it a labor of love?

✱

LAST YEAR'S SCIENCE

WRITING in the organ of the Labor Party, the London *Daily Herald*, Mr. Julian Huxley of New College, Oxford, summarizes briefly the chief achievements in all branches of science during the last year. It is a startling list for a single twelvemonth to produce, and Professor Huxley, whose new book, *Essays of a Biologist*, appeared a month or two ago, is one of the few men sufficiently catholic in his scientific interests to be able to write it.

Among other achievements he notes the discovery of fossil dinosaur eggs in Mongolia by the American Museum of Natural History's expedition; the placing of insulin treatment on a practical basis; the new Dreyer treatment of the tubercle bacillus; the investigation of the effects of light rays on health; the discovery by German chemists of 'Bayer 205,' a new drug which cures sleeping-sickness; progress in the chromosome theory of heredity; progress in cancer research; remarkable studies in changes of sex at Edinburgh; and Doctor Voronoff's experiments with the prolongation of life in Paris.

Of especial interest to a general biologist during 1923 has been the development of two lines of research which offer increased evidence for the inheritance of acquired characteristics, the very thing most strenuously denied by the extreme Darwinian school, although repeatedly admitted by Darwin himself. Doctor Kammerer of Vienna has received more attention than the other experimenter, the veteran Russian physiologist Pavlov, who appears to have been able to produce in one generation of mice a mental effect which reproduces itself for several generations afterward. 'Luckily,' says Professor Huxley, 'both Pavlov's and Kammerer's experiments can be easily repeated and tested. This is now in progress.'

*

PUBLISHING BOLSHEVIST BOOKS

A Moscow dispatch in the *Vossische Zeitung* discusses the production of books by the official Bolshevik publishing house known as the Gosisdats. During the nine months between January and September 1923, this organization issued a total of twenty million books. Fifty per cent of these consist of schoolbooks, ten per cent of social and economic treatises, — doubtless of the correct Marxian cast, — while one

fourth of a per cent is devoted to literature and art. Since October 1, 1914, a million copies of schoolbooks have been published, and even yet the requirements of the country have scarcely begun to be met.

The crying need of schoolbooks in Russia is understandable when one realizes that during the four years immediately following the revolution practically no new books could appear, and that the old texts are regarded with scant favor in Bolshevik eyes.

*

THE DECAY OF ENGLISH IN ENGLAND

DIAMETRICALLY opposite conclusions with regard to the use of the English language in the English schools are reached by the Oxford and Cambridge examination board and the school inspectors of the London County Council. The University examiners complain that the English of the students whom they examine is becoming worse and worse, whereas the London inspectors assert that the language used in the elementary schools is becoming increasingly efficient. The evident deduction is that the speech used by the so-called governing classes of Great Britain, who, in spite of a few labor colleges, make up the overwhelming majority of the universities, is on the decline; and that English speech is quite safe on the lips of the masses of the people — a conclusion which is not so startling, after all, for it takes a nation to make a language.

The *Morning Post*, however, — always quick to note fallings-off of every kind, — raises a cry of alarm over the slovenly English of the upper classes, which, it says, is only what could be expected as a result of the steadily retrograde movement of almost everything in the modern world. (The *Morning Post* always talks like that.) Slovenly politics, slovenly law,

slovenly medicine, are a few of the causes leading to the disastrous result of slovenly speech. For, says the anonymous writer,

If our young people are using slovenly English and thinking slovenly thoughts, it is because the class to which they belong is leading a slovenly life, dissipating where it should concentrate, enlarging where it should diminish, compromising conflicting ideas where the issue should be straightly joined. Consider any profession or occupation you like, and it becomes evident that its followers are professing or occupying themselves in a slovenly manner.

A few readers of the *Living Age* may be wicked enough to relish, at this point, a printer's error which once appeared in a Spanish newspaper, whereby the Iberian editor was made to refer to the great Tory daily as the 'Moaning Past.' It was a purely typographical slip, and no one—not even with a Labor Government in power—would be so unkind as to suggest a lurking moral.

No, no, things are never what they were,—least of all in leading articles in Tory newspapers,—else grammar could dispense with tenses and one temptation to sloven's speech would be removed; but if any mere newspaper is entitled to raise the question, surely it is the *Morning Post*, with its long reputation as 'the best-written paper in London.'

*

BYRON'S 'MAID OF ATHENS'

MR. PISSAS, Secretary of the Parnassus Literary Club of Athens, is trying to locate members of the family of the Englishman named Black who married the original of the Greek girl whom Lord Byron describes in 'Maid of Athens,' probably the best known of all his poems. Mr. Pissas belongs to the family of Byron's heroine, who eventually married the British Consul-General at the Piræus.

The house at the corner of Agria and Papanikole streets in Athens, where Byron lived from 1809 to 1810, has now been cut up into three houses. In Byron's day there was a garden of lemon trees, but this has since been built up. When the Byron centenary occurs, it is proposed to place a commemorative tablet on the corner of the house, which is now a shop.

*

FIRST AID TO THE AMERICAN VOCABULARY

ALTHOUGH every self-respecting guide-book to England finds it necessary to print a list of the words which differ in the English and American languages, a still more elaborate special glossary of parallel terms is being compiled for the benefit of Americans who are expected to visit the advertising convention which is to be held at Wembley during the British Empire Exhibition. On the list are such words as—

<i>American</i>	<i>English</i>
Bureau	Chest of drawers
Campaign	Canvass
Candy	Sweets
City Editor	Chief Reporter
Clipping	Cutting
Commission merchant	Factor
Cracker	Biscuit
Gasoline	Petrol
Fraternal Order	Friendly Society
Trolley Car	Tram-car
Truck	Lorry
Wash rag	Face cloth
Wood alcohol	Methylated spirit
Ash can	Dust-bin
Coal oil	Paraffin

The *Westminster Gazette* thinks that the American who habitually walks on a 'sidewalk' should be reminded that in England he will tread the 'pavement,' and vociferously demands an English equivalent for the pure and untranslatable Americanism, 'Attaboy.' But could mere cricket produce the Homeric slang of the bleachers?

BOOKS ABROAD

La politique de guerre de 1917: l'unité de commandement interallié, by Paul Painlevé.
Paris: Felix Alcan, 1923.

[*Journal de Genève*]

THE period of the war which has roused the most violent polemics in France is the one during which M. Painlevé was Minister of War, first in the Ribot Cabinet, and then in his own Ministry. It was the period of General Nivelle's command, of the unfortunate 1917 offensive, which was followed by mutinies, of the nomination of Pétain and Foch, of the Russian collapse, of the intervention of the United States, and of the Interallied Council. Various legends have grown up and grave accusations have been launched against M. Painlevé. That statesman now explains what his share was in the great struggle, and tells the story of how he selected — it is one of his claims to glory — Foch and Pétain. His sincere and stirring recital carries conviction to the reader.

[Lieut.-Colonel Repington in the *Daily Telegraph*]

No student of the World War should fail to add to his library M. Paul Painlevé's last book, *Comment j'ai nommé Foch et Pétain*. It is not only that we owe to M. Painlevé the nomination of those two great soldiers to the positions which they filled so gloriously. We owe him also a great debt for having kept his head and his temper during the year 1917, which was the most difficult of all for the French army, owing to the defeat of General Nivelle, the mutinies in the army which followed, and the collapse of the Russian armies in November.

Many of the chapters in this book we have met before in the pages of French magazines, but we are none the less grateful to the author for having collected them in a volume, for it is impossible to study the year 1917 without constantly consulting him. Here we have the whole story as he tells it, from the 'ungumming' of Foch, in December 1916, to his arrival in control of the Allied operations in France. We are taken through the fears for Nivelle's offensive, the Haig-Nivelle controversy, the rôle of Lyautey, the grand attack and failure of April 16, the mutinies and their suppression by Pétain, the war policy in the last months of 1917, and the whole of the negotiations between M. Painlevé and Mr. Lloyd George, which led up to the Rapallo Convention and the creation of an Interallied Staff.

This is a highly contentious period, and M. Painlevé's account of Mr. Lloyd George's share

in it will perhaps arouse more contention still. But we have got a little beyond this stage now, and we only ask that anyone who has good-will, love of truth, and information which adds to our stock of knowledge, should bring it before us so that we may calmly judge it. From this point of view M. Painlevé is a valuable witness. He is frank, straight, and well informed. He slurs over nothing, and presents his facts admirably.

Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Collected and edited by John Ker Spittal.
London: Murray, 1924. 16s.

[*New Statesman*]

IN a volume called *Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Johnson*, Mr. John Ker Spittal has collected all the articles from the *Monthly Review*, an important literary journal of the eighteenth century, which deal with Johnson and his works. They fall into two classes: first, articles which criticize the biographies of Johnson as they appeared shortly after his death — prominence, of course, is given to Boswell, but less celebrated works are also dealt with at great length, such as the *Anecdotes of Mrs. Piozzi*, Sir John Hawkins's *Life*, and biographies by Joseph Towers, Arthur Murphy, and Robert Anderson; secondly, articles which were published in Johnson's lifetime and deal with his own works — the *Lives of the Poets*, the *Edition of Shakespeare*, the *Tour in the Hebrides*. Mr. Spittal claims that these articles, rescued from the oblivion into which the *Monthly Review* has not unnaturally fallen, deserve consideration, that they shed a fresh light on a great figure whose virtues and peculiarities we are never tired of studying.

It may be so, but the book is a long one. Here and there a story is preserved which has escaped Boswell; here and there we have some original criticism of Johnson himself and of the authors whom he edited. It is interesting, of course, to see how Johnson's life and work impressed his contemporaries; but, this having been admitted, it is still more profitable to study Johnson himself, particularly as these contemporary verdicts do not seem to differ in any startling manner from ours. The critics of 1770 and 1780 are perhaps more patronizing than we are, more inclined to treat his eccentricities seriously and to grow solemn over his piety and his Tory principles; but by the end of the eighteenth century Johnson was already a giant, already too a character whom comedy might affectionately claim. A mist of legends had gathered round his head, and the mixture of awe and mirth with which the

world has come to regard him is already discernible in the pages of the *Monthly Review*.

Brontë Moors and Villages, by Elizabeth Southwart. London: John Lane, the Bodley Head, 1923. 15s.

[*Saturday Review*]

THE country of the Brontës is by no means tempting to the tourist in search of the softly picturesque. It was a fit nurse for the grim little group of writers who alone have made it famous. No more suitable background for those young 'female Titans' could have been found than

Where, behind Keighley, the road
Up to the heart of the moors
Between heath-clad showery hills
Runs, and colliers' carts
Poach the deep ways coming down,
And a rough, grimed race have their homes.

It is, as Miss Southwart describes it, 'a stretch of wild hills and rocks and yawning quarries; of harshly outlined fields, with the relentless moors creeping up to their black walls, waiting for the first moment of forgetfulness to take back what has been wrung from them. . . . A merciless country, that takes its toll of life on snowbound moor, the pit, and the quarry.' You must know it, ere to you it will seem worthy of your love.

Miss Southwart knows it intimately, and evidently appreciates its peculiar characteristics as intensely as did the Brontë sisters. She has given an admirable description of the whole district, with sketches of its inhabitants, which is both interesting in itself and highly valuable as a commentary on the works of the Brontës. She is clearly imbued with admiration for those remarkable pioneers of feminine independence, and knows their writings so well that she is able to interweave them with their topographical environment so closely that no dissociation is possible. She has found an excellent artistic colleague in Mr. T. Mackenzie, whose thirty-six illustrations combine with the text to give a vivid impression of a strange and haunting district.

A Critical Examination of Psycho-Analysis, by A. Wohlgenuth. London: Allen and Unwin, 1923. 10s. 6d.

Psycho-Analysts Analysed, by P. McBride. With an Introduction by Sir H. Bryan Donkin. London: Heinemann, 1923. 3s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

It was high time that a really efficient attack on psycho-analysis should be made, for the present state of that theory is very unsatisfactory, judged by the standards which are usually applied to scientific hypotheses. Psycho-analysts are apparently in the unpleasant position of being

unable to adduce the evidence on which they chiefly rely; in order to be fully convinced, we are told, one must become either a patient or a practitioner. The real case for psycho-analysis, it appears, rests on a thousand and one subtleties — 'imponderables' — which are completely convincing in practice, but which are too elusive to form part of a formal exposition.

If we accept this statement, then we can rank psycho-analysis as an art or craft, but we cannot regard it as a science. Nevertheless, the whole of psycho-analytic practice rests on certain theoretical foundations, and a discussion of these foundations is profitable. For, if the theories of psycho-analysis turn out to be highly improbable, it will become reasonable to suppose that the results achieved by psycho-analysis may be otherwise accounted for; and, if we are successful in finding an admissible body of assumptions which equally well account for the results, we shall have changed a mystery into a science.

In each of the very able books under review a twofold aim is pursued. The theories of psycho-analysis are analyzed to ascertain what we may call their 'initial probability,' and the results of psycho-analysis are examined to find out to what extent they *require* the theories on which they are based. Obviously, if it can be shown that there is no reason other than the results to believe the theories, and if it can be further shown that the results do not require the theories, then nothing whatever is left of psycho-analysis. The results will have been otherwise explained, and the doctrines of psycho-analysis will have been shown to be superfluous. The most that can then be claimed for the most successful psycho-analytic practitioner will be that he is in the position of an ancient alchemist who occasionally gave correct recipes for making chemical compounds on the basis of a mythological and entirely unnecessary theory.



NEW TRANSLATIONS

DA VERONA, GUIDO. *Life Begins To-Morrow*.

Translated from the Italian by Isabel Grazebrook. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 7s. 6d.

ESTAUNIE, ÉDOUARD. *The Call of the Road*. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1924. \$2.00.

LACRETELLE, JACQUES DE. *Silbermann*. Translated by Brian Lunn. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1924. \$2.00.

PHILIPPE, CHARLES-LOUIS. *A Simple Story*.

Translated from the French by Agnes Kendrick Gray. New York: Knopf, 1924. \$2.50.

VOGELSTEIN, JULIE, Editor. *The Diaries and Letters of Otto Braun*. Translated from the German by Ella Winter. Poetry translated by F. W. Stella Browne. New York: Knopf, 1924. \$2.50 net.

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